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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Extracts from the Presbytery-Book of Strathbogie.
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To the sterling works which have been issued by the Spalding Club, the present interesting volume has just been added; and though we are still much in debt to some of its precursors, we cannot help taking it fresh from Aberdeen, like a Finon haddock, gladly into our hands for an immediate banquet. Strathbogie, now so famous in presbyterian history and in courts of law, has kindly furnished us with older matter, both religious and legal, and strange, upon which we can dwell, at the distance of 200 years, with greater satisfaction. Yet it is a remarkable picture of the inquisitorial powers of the covenanting church; and, what is more to our purpose, full of traits of the times which are singularly illustrative of their manners, superstitious feelings, and social condition. In the midst of the severest Calvinism it is striking to behold so much of vice and crime as are brought under the censures and punishments of the presbyters and their elders. The soil should have been sterile; but it was, on the contrary, most prolific; and disgraceful and long-continued penances seem hardly to have had any other effect than to instigate relapses in the offenders and stimulate others to follow their example. The unsettled nature of the period, too, helped to increase the catalogue; and the civil wars, with invading marches of wild Highlanders, rough Irishes, and licentious Englishes, filled up the measure of Scotch iniquities, incident to Strathbogie and its conjoined "parochisms" of "Botrinie, Keith, Grange, Rothiemay, Rhynie, Gartly, Glass, Dunbennand and Kinnor (united into one parish, called Huntly, in 1727), Bolarie and Ruthven (united into the parish of Cairney*), Inverkeithny, and Aber-

* Bolarie was the ordinary place of meeting of the Presbytery, and became the parish-church of the united parishes. There is here a fragment of an aisle, belonging to the Gordons of Pittburgh, and the following inscription: 'Sir. J.hone. Gordone. of. Petburgh. Keynt. earst. big. this. Ile. in. remembrance. of. his. predecessoris. q.gha. ar. bureit. heir. and. to. be. And. to. be. ane. b.rial. to. him. and. his. successoris. sac. lang. as. it. plesis. god. thay. confiner. 1597.' (almost, if not quite, a bull.) An interesting tradition is connected with this burial-place. A servant of the family of the name of 'Thom,' had saved his master's life in battle, and for his services on that and other occasions, permission was granted to him and his descendants to be interred 'at the Gordons feet,' and the privilege is still exercised by the vassal's descendants, although the chieftain's family has been removed to another district and found another tomb. The grave and belfry of the old church of Ruthven still remain, as well as part of the north wall of the church. In a niche in the latter there is placed the effigy of 'Tam of Ruthven,' one of the sons of Sir Adam Gordon of Huntly. He is in full panoply, but there is no inscription to his memory. It is said that, on some occasion, he was challenged by the Macs of Grange; and that they met at a spot on the banks of the Isla, where Tam slew the Monk, and where a cairn still exists to his memory. The belfry of Ruthven still contains a bell of a fine tone, on which is the following inscription, much and very oddly contracted: 'Omne regnum in regnum divinum desolabitur. 1643.' The bell is generally known by the name of the 'Woe of Ruthven,' and is said to have been brought from the Low Countries. The people of the district are much attached to the 'Woe'; and when an attempt was made to remove the bell from its present situation to the

chardour. Most of the district in which these parishes are situated was under the control of the Gordon family, and formed part of what was popularly called 'the Gordon country.'

But among all the features of the time, there is not one more remarkable than that which relates to witchcraft. Not merely does the belief of the judicial, clerical, and best-educated classes astonish us, but the confessions of the parties themselves, who were to die for these idle visions. Monomania would explain it all in our day; but monomania was then unknown, and the poor creatures were brought to the halter and stake for practising superstitious quackeries, and dreaming they had conversed with devils or fairies. "The general assembly, held in Edinburgh in 1649" (having no voluntary, intrusion, or non-intrusion dispute to perplex its members), "in consideration of the growth of the sins of witchcraft, charming, and consulting," appointed a commission 'for a conference of ministers, lawyers, and phisitions, concerning the punishment of witchcraft, charming, and consulting;' and it is quite evident that both clergy and laity were persuaded of the existence of this supernatural power; while the numerous trials and executions which occurred in all parts of the country bear lamentable testimony to the generality of the belief."

In illustration of this subject the editor has brought together some singular contemporary evidence from the parish-registers of Perth, Echt, and Belhelvie; which also throw curious light upon the habits of the people. The following are striking examples:—

"Perth, Isabell Haldane.—May 16, 1623. Isabell Haldane appeared before the session of Perth, and after prayers had been made to God to open her heart and loose her tongue to confess the truth, she was asked if she had any skill of curing men, women, or bairns that were diseased. She answered she had none. Being required to declare if she cured Andrew Duncans bairn? She answered, that according to the direction of Janet Trall, she went with Alexander Lokhart down to the Turret Port, and took water from the burn there, being dumb. That she brought it to Andrew Duncans house, and there on her knees washed the bairn in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Afterwards, being accompanied with Alexander Lokhart, she took the water and the bairns sark, and cast both into the burn. Being asked if she had any conversation with the fairy folk? She answered, that ten years since, when she was lying in her bed, she was taken forth, whether it was by God or the devil she knows not; but she was carried to a hill side, and the hill opened, and she entered. She stayed there three days, viz. from Thursday till Sunday at twelve hours, when a man with a grey beard came to her there, and brought her forth again. The same day, John Rioch deposed, that about that same time, being in James Christie the wrights booth, where he was causing him to make a cradle to him, because his wife was near the down lying, the

church of Cairney, it was vigorously resisted by the anazons of Ruthven, who are said to have had their faces blackened on the occasion, and to have saluted the assailants with showers of stones."

said Isabell passed by and spake to him these words, 'Be not so hasty, for you need not; your wife shall not be lightered till this time five weeks, and then the bairn shall never lie in the cradle. It shall be born, and baptized, and never suck, but shall die and be taken away;' and as the said Isabell spake, so it came to pass in every point. The said Isabell being required to declare how she knew that? She answered, that the man with the grey beard told her. The said John Rioch deposed, that Margaret Buchanan, spouse to David Randie, being well in health, and at her ordinary work, the said Isabell came to her and said, 'Make you ready for death, for before Fastens Even you shall be taken away.' It was then within a few days of Fastens Even; and as the said Isabell spake, so it happened, for before that term the woman died. The said Isabell being asked how she knew the term of the womans life? She answered, that she had spired at that same man with the grey beard, who had told her. Patrick Ruthven, skinner in Perth, compeared and declared, that he having been witched by Margaret Horsneleuch, Isabell Haldane came to see him. She went into the bed where he lay, and stretched herself above him, laying her head to his head, her hands over him, and so forth, mumbling some words, but he knew not what they were.—May 19, 1623. Compeared Stephen Ray in Muirton, and deposed, that three years since Isabell Haldane having stolen some bear forth the hall of Balhousie, he followed her and brought her back again. She clapped him on the shoulder, saying, 'Go thy way, thou shalt not win thyself a bannock for year and day;' and as she threatened, so it came to pass, for he dwyned and was heavily diseased. The said Isabell confesses the away taking of the bear, and the disease of the man, but affirms that she only said, 'He that delivered me from the fairy folk shall take amends of thee.' The said day, she confessed that she made three several cakes, every one of them being made of nine crums of meal, which had been gotten from nine women that were married maidens. She made a hole in the crown of every one of them, and put a bairn through every cake three times, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There were women present who put the said bairns thrice backward through every cake, using the same words. The said Isabell confessed, that she went silent to the well of Ruthven, and returned silent, bringing water from thence to wash John Gows bairn. When she took the water from the well, she left a part of the bairns sark at it, which she took with her to that effect. When she came home again she washed the bairn with the water. She confessed that she had done in like manner to John Gowers bairn.—May 27. The said Isabell confessed that she had given drinks to cure bairns. Among the rest, that David Morris wife came to her and asked thrice help to her bairn, for God's sake, because it was a shargie. She sent forth her son for fairy leaves, whereof she directed the bairns mother to make a drink. But the bairns mother deposed, that the said Isabell Haldane came to her house unrequired, and saw the bairn, and said it was a shargie taken

away. She thereupon took in hand to cure it, and to that effect gave the bairn a drink, but shortly after the receipt of the drink, the bairn died.

"Janet Trall.—The accusations and depositions given in against Janet Trall, and confessed by her as follows: May 22, 1623. Janet Trall being convened before the session of Perth, was asked if she had any skill to cure diseases? She answered, she had none. Being asked if she had used any cure to Andrew Duncans bairn? She confessed that Janet Burry, the bairns mother, brought the bairn to her, and told her that the bairn started in the night: she told the mother that the bairn had gotten a dint of evil wind; and she directed her to cause two persons to go down to south running water, and to bring as much of it as would wash the bairn, and that they should be dumb when bringing the water, and that after the bairn was washed, they should carry back again the water with the bairns sark, and cast them into the place where the water had been taken up. She farther directed her to bathe the bairn with black wool and butter. Being asked if she did anything more to that bairn? She denied that she did; and said that she was contented to be holden as a witch if anything farther was proven. But immediately thereafter compared the said Janet Burry, and affirmed that the said Janet Trall sent into her a shot star, which was to be used with black wool for the bathing of the bairn. The said Janet Trall being asked if that was true? She confessed that she got a shot star at the burn side, and sent it in with the black wool, and that after the cure was used, the child was healed. Being asked if she had used any cure to Gilbert Fiddes, indweller in Perth? She confessed that she was sent for to come to him, but she denied that she had done anything to him, except that she had directed that white bread and wine and good cheer should be given to him. Yet immediately thereafter, the said Gilbert Fiddes compared, and affirmed that one day when he was going to Scone, he went over some witchcraft which had been appointed for some other men. That incontinent, he contracted a disease where-with long after he was pined, and then he sent for Janet Trall, who came to his house, and declared that he had gotten a dint of ill wind, and promised to cure him. At the time of her curing him by words, for no means was seen, the house shook, and his face turned in his neck. Janet Trall being asked if this was true? She confessed that sundry times before she had washed him with south running water, and put him through a hesp of green yarn. She granted that the house shook, and that his face turned in his neck. Afterwards it was demanded of her to declare if Satan, her master, was there? She answered, that he might have been there, but she saw him not. Being asked if she cured Duncan Tawis bairn, she confessed that Duncan Tawis and Isabell Haldane came to her at her house in Blackruthven, and Duncan told her that he thought his bairn was taken away, it being stiff as an aik tree, and unable to move. Having heard this, she promised to come in and see the bairn. And when she came she took the bairn upon her knee before the fire, drew every finger of its hands, and every toe of its feet, numbling all the while some words that could not be heard, and immediately the bairn was cured. Being asked where she had learned to cure such diseases? She answered, that she knew nothing but what she had learned from umquhill Janet Murray and Simmie Brown, her son, who had used her so in the like diseases. Being asked if she had ever had any conversa-

tion with the fairy folk? She answered, that she was sore troubled by them; but had no other dealing with them.—May 26. The said Janet Trall was convened before the session of Perth. After prayer had been made to God, that he might direct her to declare the truth in those things that should be asked, she sat trembling in hands, head, and body. Being asked what moved her, she said she durst not confess for fear of spirits that vexed and troubled her. She was comforted by the ministers against that fear if she would confess. And then she was asked, where she had learned her skill? She deposed as follows, viz. 'When I was lying in child bed lair, I was drawn forth from my bed to a dub near my house door in Dunning, and was there puddled and troubled.' Being asked by whom this was done? She answered, 'by the fairy folks, who appeared some of them red, some of them grey, and riding upon horses. The principal of them that spake to me was like a bonny white man, riding upon a grey horse.' She said, 'He desired me to speak of God, and do good to poor folks; and he shewed me the means how I might do this, which was by washing, bathing, speaking words, putting sick persons through hesps of yarn, and the like.' Being asked when he came again to her? She answered, 'When I was on a rig, shearing with my neighbours, the same folks came back to me; and the principal of them appeared clad in green. They drave me down, and then I was beside myself, and would have eaten the very earth beside me.' Being asked the cause why she was so much troubled by them? She answered, that the principal of them had bidden her do ill, by casting sickness upon people, and she refused to do it. Being asked if she cured Robert Soutar, in Muirton? She answered, that she did put him through a hesp of yarn, and afterwards cut it in nine parts, and buried it in three lords lands; and that, in the meantime, while the cure was performing, the house shook. Being asked if these folks troubled her afterwards? She answered, that twelve years since, when she was going out of this town, they dang her down, and she was then beside herself, ready to eat the ground, and continued so till she came to Isabell Haldanes house, and got a drink from her.—June 3. George Robertson, post, who was sent with the depositions of the witches for purchasing a commission to put the witches to an inquest, received from the session four pounds one shilling and two pennies. Also, the clerk is ordained to direct a missive to Andrew Conqueror, commissioner to parliament from the town, and another missive to Charles Rollock, baillie, who are both presently in Edinburgh, and to write a letter to Mr. John Guthrie, minister there, that they all three may concur together for obtaining the said commission. June 30.—Mr. Archibald Steidman received twenty shillings, to enable him to sustain the witches. (N.B. by Mr. Scott of Perth.) A commission having been obtained, directed to the civil magistrates, to try Margaret Hornscluch, Isabell Haldane, and Janet Trall, accused of witchcraft, these women were put to an assize, and the unhappy creatures being condemned, seem to have suffered the ordinary punishment, viz. by being strangled at the stake, and afterwards burnt, on Friday, July 18, 1623. After they were executed, the kirk session proceeded to censure the persons who had sought cures from them."

There are also other curious examples of cures, &c.; but these must follow in sequel.

Letters from New York. By Maria Child. Pp. 310. London, R. Bentley.

THIS volume is a striking compound of the romantic and the utilitarian, the highflown and the observant. The writer is as enthusiastic about moonlight, and music, and flowers, as a lovesick girl in her teens; but talks *en philosophe* upon social order, statistics, electricity, all the ologies, religion, and other topics which occupy grave humanity. The mixture is altogether amusing; and we hope our readers will agree with us that the specimens we have selected are curious proofs of the curious workings of a curious mind. We begin with a new universal plan, founded on a nosegay of moss and violets!!—

"Flowers ever seemed to thrive with me, as if they knew I loved them. Perchance they did; for invisible radii, inaudible language, go forth from the souls of all things. Nature ever sees and hears it; as man would, were it not for his self-listening. The flowers have spoken to me more than I can tell in written words. They are the hieroglyphics of angels, loved by all men for the beauty of the character, though few can decipher even fragments of their meaning. Minerals, flowers, and birds, among a thousand other tri-une ideas, ever speak to me of the past, the present, and the future. The past, like minerals, with their fixed forms of gorgeous but unchanging beauty; the present, like flowers, growing and ever changing—bud, blossom, and seed-vessel—seed, bud, and blossom, in endless progression; the future, like birds, with winged aspirations, and a voice that sings into the clouds. Not separate are past, present, and future; but one evolved from the other, like the continuous, ever-rising line of the spiral; and not separate are minerals, vegetables, and animals. The same soul pervades them all; they are but higher and higher types of the self-same ideas; spirally they rise, one out of the other. Strike away one curve in the great growth of the universe, and the stars themselves would fall. Some glimpses of these arcaena were revealed to the ancients; hence the spiral line occurs frequently among the sacred and mysterious emblems in their temples. There is an astronomical theory that this earth, by a succession of spiral movements, is changing its position, until its poles will be brought into harmonious relation with the poles of the heavens; then sunshine will equally overspread the globe, and spring become perpetual. I know not whether this theory be correct; but I think it is, for reasons not at all allied with astronomical knowledge. If the millennium, so long prophesied, ever comes; if the lion and the lamb ever lie down together within the souls of men, the outward world must likewise come into divine order, and the poles of the earth will harmonise with the poles of the heavens; then shall universal spring reign without, the emblem and offspring of universal peace within. Every where in creation we find visible types of these ascending series. Every thing is interlinked; each reaches one hand upward and one downward, and, touching palms, each is intercalated with all above and all below. Plainly is this truth written on the human soul, both in its individual and universal progress; and therefore it is inscribed on all material forms. But yesterday I saw a plant called the crab-cactus, most singularly like the animal from which it takes its name. My companion said it was 'a strange freak of nature.' But I knew it was no freak. I saw that the cactus and the crab meant the same thing—one on a higher plane than the other. The singular plant was the point where fish and vegetable

touched palms; where the ascending spiral circles passed into each other. There is another cactus that resembles the sea-urchin; and another, like the star-fish. In fact, they all seem allied to the crustaceous tribe of animals; and from the idea which this embodies, sprung the fancy that fairies of the earth sometimes formed strange union with merrows of the sea. Every fancy, the wildest and the strangest, is somewhere in the universe of God a fact. Another indication of interlinking series is found in the zoophytes, the strangest of all links between the vegetable and animal world; sometimes growing from a stem like a plant, and radiating like a blossom, yet devouring insects and digesting them like an animal. Behold minerals in their dark mines! how they strive toward efflorescence, in picturesque imitation of foliage and tendrils, and roots, and tangled vines. Such minerals are approaching the circle of creation that lies above them, and from which they receive their life; mineral and vegetable here touch palms, and pass the electric fluid that pervades all life. As the approach of different planes in existence is indicated in forms, so is it in character and uses. Among minerals, the magnet points ever to the north; so is there a plant in the prairies, called by travellers the Polar plant, or Indian compass, because the plane of its leaf points due north and south, without other variation than the temporary ruffling of the breeze. If these secrets were clearly read, they might throw much light on the science of healing, and perhaps reconcile the clashing claims of mineral and vegetable medicines. Doubtless, every substance in nature is an antidote to some physical evil; owing to some spiritual cause, as fixed as the laws of mathematics, but not as easily perceived. The toad, when bitten by a spider, goes to the plantain-leaf, and is cured; the bird, when stung by the yellow serpent, flies to the Guaco plant, and is healed. If we knew what spiritual evil was represented by the spider's poison, and what spiritual good by the plantain-leaf, we should probably see the mystery revealed. Good always overcomes the evil, which is perverted form; thus love casteth out hatred, truth overcomes falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness. Always and every where is evil overcome with good; and because it is so in the soul of man, it is and must be so in all the laws and operations of nature.

There are influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions, And uses, above and around, which man hath not yet regarded.

There be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm,
In the sun-dried harebell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadows;
In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones of the cedar;
And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for beauty,
Nor the waxen flower of the arbut, though it dieth in a day;
Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the stars;
And the meaneast weed of the garden serveth unto many uses;
The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the speckled arum, and the daisy.
For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel, is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.

There is a final cause for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the moss around a rose;
A reason for each blade of grass that reareth its small spire.

How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills might follow,
If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret office?

In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be spared,

From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.

The brier and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service.

I did not intend to write thus mystically; and I feel that these are thoughts that should be spoken into your private ear, not published to the world. To some few they may, perchance, awaken a series of aspiring thoughts, till the highest touch the golden harps of heaven, and fill the world with celestial echoes. But to most, they will seem an ambitious attempt to write something, which is in fact nothing."

From our author's own mysticism the transition is natural to her account of a mad American poet called Macdonald Clarke. "He was in Philadelphia at one period; but all we ever heard of him there was that he habitually slept in the graveyard by the side of Franklin's monument. In 1819 he came to New York, where he wrote for newspapers, and struggled as he could with poverty, assisted from time to time by benevolence which he never sought. A sad situation for one who, like him, had a nerve protruding at every pore. In New York he became in love with a handsome young actress of seventeen. His poverty, and obvious incapacity to obtain a livelihood, made the match objectionable in the eyes of her mother, and they eloped. The time chosen was as wild and inopportune as most of his movements. On the very night she was to play Ophelia, on her way to the Park theatre she absconded with her lover, and was married. Of course the play could not go on, the audience were disappointed, and the manager angry. The mother of the young lady, a strong masculine woman, was so full of wrath, that she pulled her daughter out of bed at midnight, and dragged her home. The bridegroom tried to pacify the manager by the most polite explanations, but received nothing but kicks in return, with orders never to shew his face within the building again. The young couple were strongly attached to each other, and of course were not long kept separated. But Macdonald, who had come of a wealthy family, was too proud to have his wife appear on the stage again, and the remarkable powers of his own mind were rendered useless by the jar that ran through them all; of course, poverty came upon them like an armed man. They suffered greatly, but still clung to each other with the most fervid affection. Sometimes they slept in the deserted market-house, and, when the weather would permit, under the shadow of the trees. One dreadful stormy night they were utterly without shelter, and in the extremity of their need sought the residence of her mother. They knocked and knocked in vain; at last, the suffering young wife proposed climbing a shed, in order to enter the window of a chamber she used to occupy. To accomplish this purpose Macdonald placed boards across a rain-water hoghead at the corner of the shed. He mounted first, and drew her up after him; when suddenly the boards broke and both fell into the water. Their screams brought out the strong-handed and unforgiving mother. She seized her offending daughter by the hair, and plunged her up and down in the water several times before she would help her out. She finally took her into the house, and left Macdonald to escape as he could. They were not allowed to live together again, and the wife seemed compelled to return to the stage as a means of obtaining bread. She was young and pretty, her affections were blighted, she was poor, and her profession abounded with temptations. It was a situation much to be pitied; for it hardly

admitted of other result than that which followed. They who had loved so fondly, were divorced to meet no more. Whenever Macdonald alluded to this part of his strange history, as he often did to a very intimate friend, he always added, 'I never blamed her, though it almost broke my heart. She was driven to it, and I always pitied her.' From this period, the wildness of poor Clarke's nature increased: until he became generally known by the name of the 'Mad Poet.'—'His metaphors were at times singularly fanciful. He thus describes the closing day:

'Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.'

And in another place he talks of memory that shall last

'Whilst the ear of the earth hears the hymn of the ocean.'

M. B. Lamar, late president of Texas, once met this eccentric individual at the room of William Page, the distinguished artist. The interview led to the following very descriptive lines from Lamar:—

'Say, have you seen Macdonald Clarke,
The poet of the moon?
He is a d—eccentric lark,
As famous as Zip Coon.'

—'He was himself well aware that his mind was a broken instrument. He described himself as

'A poet comfortably crazy.
As plant as a weeping willow,
Loves most everybody's girls; an't lay—
Can write an hundred lines an hour,
With a rackety, whackety, railroad power.'

He died at the age of 44; and seemed to have tastes very congenial to those of Maria Child; for she tells us:—"He was buried at Greenwood Cemetery, under the shadow of a pine-tree, next to the grave of a little child—a fitting resting-place for the loving and child-like poet. He had often expressed a wish to be buried at Greenwood. Walking there with a friend of mine, they selected a spot for his grave; and he seemed pleased as a boy when told of the arrangements that should be made at his funeral. 'I hope the children will come,' said he; 'I want to be buried by the side of children. Four things I am sure there will be in heaven—music, plenty of little children, flowers, and pure air.' They are now getting up a subscription for a marble monument. It seems out of keeping with his character and destiny. It were better to plant a rose-bush by his grave, and mark his name on a simple white cross, that the few who loved him might know where the gentle, sorrowing wanderer sleeps."

On the authority of Dr. Franklin, the writer recommends the wearing of a silk waistcoat next the skin in wet weather as a preservative of electricity and good spirits; and philanthropically intimates that "perhaps this precaution might diminish the number of suicides in the foggy month of November, 'when Englishmen are so prone to hang and drown themselves.'" On this phenomenon she proceeds, as is her way, to theorise and imagine. Thus she infers that the effects of magnetism are similar to those of rainy days, and that the French people dance because they are surcharged with electricity (pp. 275, 6). She goes on to ascribe to climate the formation and modification of languages, and the adoption of religious faiths. For instance:—

"Languages of northern origin abound in consonants, and sound like clanging metals, or the tipping up of a cart-load of stones. The southern languages flow like a rill that moves to music—the liquid vowels so sweetly melt

into each other. This difference is observable even in the dialect of our northern and southern tribes of Indians. At the north, we find such words as Carratunk, Scowhegan, Norridgewock, and Memphremagog; at the south, Pascagoula, Santee, and that most musical of all names, Oeola. Climate has had its effect, too, on the religious ideas of nations. How strongly does the bloody Woden and the thundering Thor of northern mythology contrast with the beautiful graces and gliding nymphs of Grecian origin! As a general rule (sometimes affected by local causes), southern nations cling to the pictured glory of the Catholic church, while the northern assimilate better with the severe plainness of the Protestant."

From this sort of stuff we pass to a reality:—"I went, a few evenings ago, to the American Museum to see fifteen Indians fresh from the western forest. Sacs, Fox, and Iowas, really important people in their respective tribes. Nan-Nouce-Fush-E-To, which means the buffalo king, is a famous Sac chief, sixty years old, covered with scars, and grim as a Hindoo god, or pictures of the devil on a Portuguese contribution-box to help sinners through purgatory. It is said that he has killed with his own hand one hundred Osages, three Mohawks, two Kas, two Sioux, and one Pawnee; and, if we may judge by his organ of destructiveness, the story is true: a more enormous bump I never saw in that region of the skull. He speaks nine Indian dialects, has visited almost every existing tribe of his race, and is altogether a very remarkable personage. Mon-To-Gah, the white bear, wears a medal from President Monroe for certain services rendered to the whites. Wa-Con-To-Kitch-Er is an Iowa chief, of grave and thoughtful countenance, held in much veneration as the prophet of his tribe. He sees visions, which he communicates to them for their spiritual instruction. Among the squaws is No-Nos-See, the she-wolf, a niece of the famous Black Hawk, and very proud of the relationship; and Du-Hum-Me, the productive pumpkin, a very handsome woman, with a great deal of heart and happiness in her countenance:

'Smiles settled on her sun-fleck'd cheeks,
Like noon upon the mellow apricot.'

She was married about a fortnight ago at Philadelphia to Cow-Hick-He, son of the principal chief of the Iowas, and as noble a specimen of manhood as I ever looked upon. Indeed I have never seen a group of human beings so athletic, well-proportioned, and majestic. They are a keen satire on our civilised customs, which produce such feeble forms and pallid faces. The unlimited pathway, the broad horizon, the free grandeur of the forest, has passed into their souls, and so stands revealed in their material forms."

But we trust we have done enough with this volume for our readers, though we have only opened a vent-peg for the exuberant author, who must therefore conclude for herself:—

"When I began to write these letters, it was simply as a safety-valve for an expanding spirit, pent up like steam in a boiler. I told you they would be of every fashion, according to my changing mood; now a mere panorama of passing scenes, then child-like prattle about birds or mosses; now a serious exposition of facts for the reformer's use, and then the poet's path, on winged Pegasus, far up into the blue. To-day I know not what I shall write; but I think I shall be off to the sky; for my spirit is in that mood when smiling faces peep through chinks in the clouds, and angel-fingers beckon and point upward. As I grow older, these

glimpses into the spiritual become more and more clear, and all the visible stamps itself on my soul, a daguerreotype image of the invisible, written with sunbeams." [Moonstruck with a coup de soleil.]

Fourier for political economy, and Swedenborg for spirituals, appear to be the grand inspirers of Mrs. or Miss Child's "spiral system," ever ascending and meeting, we know not what, on "higher planes." She holds, with Carlyle, "that the dog, who sits looking at the moon so seriously, would doubtless be a poet, if he could but find a publisher." On which she thus soliloquises: "Of this thing be assured, no romance was ever so interesting, as would be a right comprehension of that dog's relation to the moon, and of the relation of both to all things, and of all things to thyself, and of thyself to God. Some glimmering of this mysterious relation of each to all may disturb the dog's mind with a strange solemnity, until he fancies he sees another dog in the moon, and howls thereat. Could his howl be translated and published, it might teach us somewhat that the wisest has not yet conjectured. Let not the matter-of-fact reader imagine me to say that it is difficult for puppies to find publishers. The frothy sea of circulating literature would prove such assertion a most manifest falsehood. Nor do I assert that puerile and common-place minds are diffident about making books. There is babbling more than enough; but, among it all, one finds little true speech or true silence. The dullest mind has some beauty peculiarly its own; but it echoes, and does not speak itself. It strives to write as schools have taught, as custom dictates, or as sects prescribe; and so it stammers, and makes no utterance. Nature made us individuals, as she did the flowers and the pebbles; but we are afraid to be peculiar, and so our society resembles a bag of marbles or a string of mould candles." Which having brought to light, we take our leave.

The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher; the Text formed from a new Collation of the early Editions. With Notes and a biographical Memoir by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Vol. II. 8vo. London, E. Moxon.

Most profoundly ignorant and ill-informed readers, we beg leave to apprise you that there are two distinct ways of reviewing works of this kind. One is by referring to prefaces and essays on the subject in hand, and dressing up the observations found there in a somewhat disguised style and different manner, so that the whole may have a very imposing effect, and you are almost tempted to fancy the critic an exceedingly well-read and clever fellow. And, in truth, such *hacks*, if tolerably compounded, are not so bad, but do convey a certain quantum of intelligence to the multitude of "promiscuous" readers, who would probably never, otherwise, know any thing at all about the matter. The other way is to address yourself at once, and singly and simply, to the work before you; and tell what are its goods, its bads, its originalities, its plagiarisms, its labours, and its pretensions. We are very fond of the latter course; and therefore, instead of (as yet) troubling the *Gazette* rank and file with any composite dissertation on Beaumont and Fletcher,—with offsets about Shakspeare, Jonson, Shirley, Massinger, and at least a dozen other dramatic writers,—we shall at once, and very briefly, introduce them to this the second volume of Mr. Dyce's most careful edition. The plays in this volume are, the "Faithful Shepherdess," the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," "A King and no King," and

"Cupid's Revenge;" to which are added, an Inner Temple and Gray's Inn masque (1612-13), and "The Four Plays in One." Upon these Mr. Dyce has bestowed his harvest of learning and intimate acquaintance with all contemporary authorship, which throws a light upon doubtful constructions and perverted sense. Nor has he forgotten the toils of commentators early and later; of which the following quotations may be taken as proof.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE, act ii. sc. 2.

"Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady, For and the squire of damsels, as I take it."

"Here Sympon appealed to the reader,—'Could such nonsense ever flow from such standard writers as ours were?' declared that the first word of the second line was 'the most unlucky for that ever was wrote;' and, as 'the only way to retrieve our authors' credit,' gave the lines with the following emendation:

'Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady Fair, and the squire of damsels, as I take it.'

The editors of 1778 thought it necessary to 'go further before this passage is cleared of corruption;' and they accordingly printed,—

'Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady, Ralph, Fair! and the squire of damsels, as I take it.'

Ralph, they tell us, 'first addresses himself both to Mrs. Merrythought and Michael: her he calls Fair!' &c. Weber, finding perhaps that it was impossible to 'go further' than the editors of 1778, contented himself with their alteration of the passage. Now, the old eds. are perfectly right, and the modern editors utterly wrong. The expression 'for and' is not unfrequently used by our early writers:

'Syr Gyr, Syr Gawen, Syr Cayus, for and Syr Olyuere.' Skelton's second poem Against Garneche, Works, i. 119. ed. Dyce.

'A hippocrene, a twink, for and a fucus.' Middleton's *Fair Quarell*, act v. sc. 1.—Works, iii. 544. ed. Dyce.

'A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, For and a shrouding sheet.'

Hamlet, act v. sc. 1. (where Shakspeare's recent editors separate the words thus, 'For-and.')

Id. act iv. sc. 1. p. 199.

"Cit. Why, so, sir; go and fetch me him then, and let the sophy of Persia come and christen him a child. Boy. Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale; it has been had before at the Red Bull."

"In a note by Warton on the next speech but two of the Citizen, it is erroneously stated that 'the sophy of Persia christening a child' is a circumstance in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*; and Weber as erroneously adds that 'there is no doubt a sophy of Persia in Heywood's play, but his christening a child is merely a ludicrous confusion of the foolish Citizen.' The fact is, the Citizen is not thinking of Heywood's play, but of a drama written by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins, entitled *The Travails of the three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, Mr. Robert Shirley*, which was printed in 1607, and which (as appears from the Boy's reply to the Citizen) had been acted at the Red Bull. In the last scene of it, the following dialogue takes place between the Sophy and Robert Shirley, who has married the Sophy's niece:

'Soph. If yet unsatisfied thy griefs remaine,

Aske yet to please thyselfe, it shall be granted.

Rob. I feare to be too bold.

Soph. Aske and obtaine.

Rob. My child may be baptis'd in Christian faith,

And know the same God that the father hath.

Soph. Baptize thy child: ourselfe will ayd in it.

Ourselfe will answer for't, a godfather:

In our own armes weale beare it to the place,

Where it shall recieve the compleat ceremonie.

Now for the temple, where our royall hand

Shall make thy child first Christian in our land.

[Exeunt.]

A show of the Christning."

In his notes on this play, Mr. Dyce has pointed out the old musical collections which contain the various songs cited by Merrythought.

A KING AND NO KING, act i. sc. 1. p. 243.
 "Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
 Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
 So perfect, that no one of her own sex
 Could find a want; had she so tempting fair,
 That she could wish it off, for damning souls;
 I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
 Rather than meet her married in my bed."

"So all the old eds.; except the first 4to, in which the lines are slightly corrupted. Theobald printed,—

'Could find a want; were she so tempting fair,' &c.
 'The editors of 1778 gave,—
 'Could find a want she had; so tempting fair,' &c.

and Weber adopted their alteration! The word fair, as a substantive, in the sense of beauty, is very common in our early writers (e.g. 'Demetrius loves your fair, Shakespeare's *Midsommer-Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 1); and the meaning of the passage is,—Had she so tempting a beauty that she could wish it away, for fear of damning souls."

Id. act iv. sc. 2. p. 302.
 "Thou art false, false prince!
 I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives
 To tell thee thou art false, and then no more."

"Theobald, at Symphon's suggestion, printed, 'and tell thee more!' Seward (postscript to vol. i. of ed. 1750) says, that 'then no more' means, 'this shall be the last time I will upbraid you with your falsehood. The editors of 1778 and Weber followed the old eds., but they evidently understood the passage no better than their predecessors. The meaning of it is this, 'Poor Spaconia lives to tell thee thou art false, and then she lives no more;' she has previously said, 'I must speak ere I die.'"

CURIUS'S REVENGE, act ii. sc. 1. p. 376.
 "but it is all the fault
 Of thy old father, who believes his age
 Is cold enough to quench my burning darts;
 But he shall know ere long that my smart hose
 Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
 Of Nestor."

"The 4to of 1635 has, by a misprint, 'dart loose,'—which reading is given by the modern editors! Loose is a technical term for the discharging of an arrow: 'the archers terme, who is not said to finish the feate of his shot before he give the loose, and deliver his arrow from his bow.'—Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 145."

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME, scene 1. p. 560.
 "I came to Craft; found all his hooks about him,
 And all his nets, baited and set."

"Mr. Symphon says, that to bait and set nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have hooks and nets change places; but nets are sometimes baited and set as well as hooks, as for cray-fish, grigs, &c.; so that the change is not necessary."—SEWARD. The latter editors have reprinted this preposterous note without any comment, evidently thinking it quite satisfactory. What can be plainer than that the epithet 'baited' belongs to 'hooks,' and 'set' to 'nets'?"

Before we shut the book, we may note the title of gally-foist, "gally-foist," as given familiarly to the lord mayor's barge two hundred years ago; and copy the following description of waltzing at the same distant era, for there is nothing new under the sun:—

"A leaping round
 Where arme in arme two dancers are entwined,
 And whirling themselves, with strict embraces
 Bound."

On the deck of the city barge, or gally-foist, not long ago, we saw this "lofty iumping" performed, to the astonishment of the little fishes in the Thames, which do not seem to have

comprehended the pleasure of the thing, though it has been practised so long.

The Symbolism of Churches and Church-Ornaments: a Translation of the First Book of the Rationale Divinorum Officiorum, written by W. Durandus, &c. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, B.A., and the Rev. B. Webb, B.A. Trin. Coll. Camb. Pp. 252. Leeds, T. W. Green; London, Rivingtons; Cambridge, Stevenson.

To the work of the old Bishop of Mende our reverend countrymen have prefixed an introductory essay; in which they moot many points of interest to the church, and in support of all ancient ceremonies, long disused or never observed by protestants; whereunto it is not our business to follow them. They say that the architectural symbolism of church-building did not originate all at once in a great plan, but was begun in parts, and wrought on, till it pervaded the whole and became a system. Secular architects, according to them, forget all this (perhaps never knew it); and hence the decline of art, and religion too, in buildings for the proper worship of God, since the "Edwardian" era. We know and feel that the finest of the cathedrals of the olden time are wonderfully impressive; but we are so constituted, that we fancy the grand effect would be lost, were we taught to believe that every minute part was a symbol of sacred or diseased imaginations. This, however, our authors laud to the sky, and shew that every door, window, step, pavement, crypt, arch, dorsal, corbel, rail, bell, ornament, and piece of furniture, has some mystical relation to the crucifixion of Christ and the Christian scheme of salvation. So different are the ideas of men, that we cannot help considering many of these analogies to be profane, and comparisons to be impious; whilst, on the other hand, Messrs. Neale and Webb say of the (good-humoured and innocent) Ingoldsby Legends, that they are for irreverence and profanity hardly to be equalled, and disgraceful to any author, "trebly so if (as it is said) that author is a clergyman." There is no accounting for tastes. We think Ingoldsby as harmless as entertaining; and we cannot pay the same compliment in either way to the Rev. Neale and Webb.

Worshipping the symbolism they and Durandus tell us mark the disposition of every stone in ancient churches, our authors are indignant with Protestant nonconformity or simplicity.

"Let us (they say) look at a Protestant place of worship. It is choked up and concealed by surrounding shops and houses, for religion, now-a-days, must give way to business and pleasure; it stands north and south, for all idea of fellow-feeling with the church catholic is looked on as mere trifling, or worse; the front which faces the high street is of stone, because the uniformity of the street so required it; or (which is more likely) of stucco, which answers as well, and is cheaper; the sides, however, are of brick, because no one can see them: there is at the entrance a large vestibule, to allow people to stand while their carriages are being called up, and to enter into conversation on the news of the day, or the merits of the preacher; it also serves the purpose of making the church warmer, and contains the doors and staircases to the galleries. On entering, the pulpit occupies the central position, and towards it every seat is directed—for preaching is the great object of the Christian ministry; galleries run all round the building, because hearing is the great object of a Christian congregation;

the altar stands under the organ-gallery, as being of no use, except once a month; there are a few free-seats in out-of-the-way places, where no one could hear and no pews would be hired, and therefore no money is lost by making the places free; and whether the few poor people who occupy them can hear or not, what matters it? The font, a cast-iron vase on a marble pillar, stands within the altar-rails, because it there takes up no room; the reading-pew is under the pulpit, and faces the congregation, because the prayers are to be read to them, and not addressed to God. Look at this place on Sunday, or Thursday evening. Carriages crash up through the cast-iron gates, and amidst the wrangling and oaths of rival coachmen, deposit their loads at the portico; people come, dressed out in the full fashion of the day, to occupy their luxurious pew, to lay their smelling-bottles and prayer-books on its desk, and, reclining on its soft cushions, to confess themselves—if they are in time—miserable sinners; to see the poor and infirm standing in the narrow passages, and close their pew-doors against them, lest themselves should be contaminated, or their cushions spoilt, at the same time beseeching God to give their fellow-creatures the comfort which they refuse to bestow. The royal arms occupy a conspicuous position, for it is a chapel of the establishment. There are neat cast-iron pillars to hold up the galleries, and still neater pillars in the gallery to hold up the roof, thereby typifying that the whole existence of the building depends on the good-will of the congregation. The roof is flat, with an elegant cornice, and serves principally to support a gas-lighted chandelier; and the administration of this chapel is carried on by clerk, organist, beadle, and certain bonnetless pew-openers. We need not point out how strongly all this symbolises the spiritual pride, the luxury, the self-sufficiency, the bigotry of the congregations of too many a pew-rented episcopal chapel."

But the symbolism of a bell-pull is perhaps the most pregnant example we could select of (what appears to us to be) an absurd caricature of the extent to which this species of folly may be carried. Dean Swift could not beat it, if he were to ring the changes till his arms broke:

"The rope hanging from this, by which the bell is struck, is humility, or the life of the preacher; the same rope also sheweth the measure of our own life. Besides these, since the rope hath its beginning from the wood, upon which the bell hangeth, by which is understood our Lord's cross, it doth thus rightly typify holy scripture which doth flow down from the wood of the holy cross. As also the rope is composed of three strands, so doth the scripture consist of a trinity; namely, of history, allegory, and morality. Whence, the rope coming down from the wooden frame into the hand of the priest is scripture descending from the mystery of the cross into the mouth of the preacher. Again, the rope reacheth unto the hands by which it is grasped, because scripture ought to proceed unto good works. Also the raising and the lowering of the rope in ringing doth denote that holy scripture speaketh sometimes of high matters, sometimes of low; or that the preacher speaketh sometimes lofty things for the sake of some, and sometimes condescendeth for the sake of others—according to that saying of the apostle, 'Whether we exalt ourselves, it is for God; or whether we humble ourselves, it is for you.' Again, the priest draweth the rope downwards, when he descendeth from contemplation unto active life, but is himself drawn upwards when under the teaching of scripture he is raised in contempla-

tion. Also he draweth it downwards when he understandeth the scripture according to the letter which killeth, he is drawn upwards when he expoundeth the same according to the spirit. Again, according to Gregory, he is drawn downwards and upwards when he measureth himself in scripture, namely, how much he still lieth in the depths and how much he advanceth in doing good. Furthermore, when the bell doth sound from the pulling of its rope, the people is gathered in one for the exposition of holy scripture, the preacher is heard, and the people is united in the bond of faith and charity. Therefore when a priest acknowledgeth unto himself that he is a debtor unto preaching, he must not withdraw himself from calling men together by his bells, just as also the sons of Aaron did sound their silver trumpets. He therefore moveth the ropes who doth of his office call his brethren or the people together. The ring (or pulley) in the length of the rope, through which in many places the rope is drawn, is the crown of reward, or perseverance unto the end, or else is holy scripture itself. Moreover, Savinianus, pope, hath commanded that the hours of the day should be struck in churches."

The mighty maze may not be altogether without a plan; for we find some not very disinterested symbolical special pleading to induce the pious to dedicate their richest possessions to the church.

"A golden chalice signifies the treasures of wisdom that lie hid in Christ (Col. ii. 3). A silver chalice denoteth purity from sin. A chalice of tin denoteth the similitude of sin and punishment; for tin is, as it were, half way between silver and lead," &c. Therefore what should be given to the church by liberal or penitent benefactors is thus insinuated: "We reply to him, not that God is better pleased with gold than brazen ornaments, but that when men offer to God that which they value, by the worship of the Almighty they vanquish their own avarice." And so the abbey, cathedral, nunnery, church, or chapel, gets the gold!

Before closing, we may notice that in the following the bishop seems to have suffered very improperly for the negligence of the warden:

"We read in the *Dialogues* of blessed Gregory, book the fourth, chapter the fifty-sixth, that when a certain man of notorious wickedness had been buried in the church of S. Faustinus at Brescia, in the same night blessed Faustinus appeared to the warden of the church, saying, Speak unto the bishop that he cast out the body, otherwise he shall die in thirty days. Now the warden feared to tell the thing to the bishop; and the bishop on the thirtieth day suddenly departed out of this life."

The following is a very dubious and queer etymology, when the Greek *κοιμητήριον*, a sleeping-place, from the verb *κοιμάω*, to sleep, furnishes one so much more obvious; though we must remember that in the days of Durandus very little was known of Greek:—

"Cemetery hath its name from *cimen*, which is sweet, and *sterion*, which is a station; for there the bones of the departed rest sweetly, and expect the advent of their Saviour: or because there be therein *cimices*, that is, reptiles of intolerable odour."

Where all is right, a window is the Trinity, a stone Christ, a basin the Holy Ghost, and so forth, throughout the whole naves, chancels, aisles, towers, buttresses, apertures, cornices, walls, lofts, galleries, lattices, candlesticks, &c. which are symbols of ceremonies, or suggestions of saints, martyrs, angels, or something else

most beautiful and religious to reflect upon, when understood. But it is not for us to entangle ourselves in the theological and controversial meshes which would envelope us in any attempt to review this volume. Were it only for its fancifulness, it contains a good deal of curious matter; and whenever it is our belief that the essentials of religion are less important than its mysteries and ceremonies, we shall rejoice in the instruction furnished us by the B.A.'s to whom we owe this translation of Durandus' and their own doctrines.

A Treatise on the Tonic System of treating Affections of the Stomach and Brain, &c. By Henry Searle, Surgeon. 8vo, pp. 308. London, R. and J. E. Taylor.

THE object of this work is professedly, according to the author, to endeavour to shew that the antiphlogistic or lowering system of treatment is calculated rather to create than to remove disease; and that the tonic, or supporting system of treatment, is that which is indicated in most diseases coming under the notice of the physician, and that which will be found eminently beneficial. There is nothing new in the principle thus advocated, as in every large city there are always a few members of the profession who are ready, chiefly for oddity's sake, to advocate the tonic system, and who pour in wine in fevers and brandy in apoplexy; but the result of their practice is, generally speaking, the most effective criticism of its advantages. Mr. Searle is not, however, to be viewed in this light; for he takes the subject up on fair argumentative grounds,—a thing the more to be regretted, as, whatever the profession may think of such discussions, the public cannot be prevented from feeling that there is something wrong at the core, when one professor of the art bleeds and purges, and the other stimulates with port-wine and brandy, in all cases of similar disease. The practice of medicine is already suffering enough in the hands of the public by the simultaneous attacks of hydropathists and homeopaths, without professional men embracing extreme views among themselves. But the fact is, that such a work is, at the present moment, totally unnecessary. The improved practice of many modern physicians and surgeons has assisted very much in diminishing the extent to which the antiphlogistic system used to be carried, when venesection was had recourse to in hysteria and epilepsy, and almost every sudden case to which the professional man was called in. The Liebigian theory of life, health, and disease, has effected still more, in calling attention to animal chemistry, and regulating health and curing disease by a simple regard to diet, exercise, and air. The chronothermal system has done some good by bringing out in a bold and skillful manner the remission of diseases, and the frequent possibility of thus cutting them short; and even the hydropathists have contributed to perfect and modify practice by reviving attention to the curative effects of water. It might not, then, so well have suited the author's purpose to have merely written a work coinciding with or illustrative of the march of opinions of the day, as to advocate a peculiar and extreme doctrine; but it would have decidedly contributed more to the advance of true knowledge and to his own ultimate reputation.

We observe, in his dietic observations, that the author is opposed to the use of tea, which, he thinks, has been the means of introducing complaints of the stomach into this country. We are not ourselves very partial to tea, except as

a stimulant to wakefulness; but the author's opinions come at an inopportune moment, when Liebig's statement, that it contributes to the formation of bile, is just attracting so much attention; and M. Pelletot has been reading a paper to the Paris Academy of Sciences stating that tea contains essential principles of nutrition, far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties. It is also, which appears very important when nitrogenised foods are considered as alone capable of conversion into blood, one of the most highly azotised substances, containing 20 to 30 per cent more nitrogen than any other kind of vegetable.

Original Poems of an Enthusiast. By F. Augustus Cox. "First edition," pp. 107. Printed for the Author.

Adolescentia, a "first edition," truly set down to be printed for the author; as we are inclined to fancy there will be very little demand in other quarters. Yet Mr. Francis Augustus Cox is both original and enthusiastic; and he dedicates his volume to his respectable father, "the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D. (of Hackney)," whence it seems his hackneyed production must have sprung. He prays, in the dedication, that when Death shall touch his honoured sire with his icy fingers, it may be but to point out to him the road to an Immortal Crown, whilst his famous son remains to acquire an earthly *ditto* by the effusions of his warm imagination. As a specimen we subjoin one of these effusions:—

"I'm in the dumps—I'm in the dumps—
Not one of my cards have turn'd up trumps
The whole of this wretched day;
No letter by post, no packet by cart,
To give consolation to my breaking heart—
Oh horrible thoughts away!
My wig's tormenting me out of spite,
For on my head it won't sit right,
But pinches both temples sadly;
While my poor bones ache from top to toe,
(I punish'd am for what I don't know)—
Oh, indeed, I'm treated badly!"

That we may not add thereto, we dismiss the *Original Poems* with our *vale*.

The Yearly Journal of Trade, 1843. The 21st edition. Edited by Charles Pope, Comptroller of Accounts in the Port of Bristol, &c. 8vo, pp. 741. London, C. Albrecht.

THIS is really like an annual M'Culloch, so full of information of great value to the mercantile world, and systematically brought down to the latest time by a gentleman who seems fully competent to the task. His present position, indeed, would seem to vouch for so much, had he not previously held the office of principal secretary to the chairman of the Board of Customs. The mass of intelligence presented, in a closely printed and frequently tabular form, comprehends clear statements respecting the laws of customs and excise, the slave-trade, treaties with foreign powers, tariffs, duties, stamp and post-office rules, proclamations, orders in council and by government boards, law reports connected with trading cases, geographical sketches and recent discoveries, exchanges, &c. &c. with a vast variety of miscellaneous matters relating to all the World, a map of which is very properly prefixed to the volume. Having hastily run over the principal items of the contents, we shall only add, that the performance is quite equal to the promise; and that there is besides an able essay on the rise and progress of trade by the author, which, like the rest of his work, gives us much original instruction.

Photogenic Manipulation. By G. T. Fisher, jun. Pp. 50. London, Knight and Sons.
Photographic Manipulation. Pp. 42. London, E. Palmer.

A Treatise on Photography. By N. P. Lerebours; translated by J. Egerton. Pp. 216. London, Longman and Co.

The history and practice of photographic art are the staples of these three illustrated publications. The first, a little unpretending work, but containing much of instruction in relation to the calotype and daguerreotype, besides brief notices of the cyanotype, ferrotype, chrysotype, and anthotype, and thermography. The second is greater in pretension but of less worth, though higher in price; makes both Mr. Fox Talbot and Sir John Herschel the discoverer of the calotype, and describes merely the processes of the calotype and daguerreotype. The third, however, is a work of a higher order, and only classed with the other two pamphlets because of community of subject. It is a translation of a French publication that has enjoyed extensive circulation; indeed, the beauty of the "Daguerreian Excursions" must have created in all who have beheld them a desire to know somewhat of the method by which such accuracy and minuteness of delineation were produced. It contains the researches of the principal contributors to photographic discoveries and improvements known to the author, including the names of Daguerre, Arago, Becquerel, Tony-Gaudin, Claudet, Draper, Fizeau, Talbot, Moser, Grove, Karsten, and Knorr. As we have said, these probably are the names with which Lerebours was acquainted; but how comes it that an English translator, either in notes or otherwise, should omit the names of Herschel and Hunt? He states, however, his intention to make this a standing work, by publishing, from time to time, subsequent editions, so as to keep pace with (and, we trust, to bring up arrears of) the improvements and discoveries which may be made (and have been made) in the art. As a record, so far as it goes, and as an earnest of future promise, this translation is a good compilation, and worthy of public patronage.

Double-Entry Elucidated: an improved Method of Teaching Book-Keeping. By B. F. Foster. London, Souter and Law.

This truly new and improved method of assisting youth to the understanding as well as to the practice of book-keeping by double-entry, is comprised in four parts: theory, initiatory exercises, memorandum of transactions, journal, and ledger. The principal novelty is the teaching the system as a whole, the conveying a knowledge of book-keeping as a theory in all its relations before confusing with details or advancing by the rule of thumb. Our own habit is not to journalise, but at once to post our cash-book, a better practice we hold than the one here laid down; but perhaps, for perfect tuition, to journalise every transaction is best, and therefore we strongly recommend this new work to our foster-brother accountants.

Hints, &c. By Minor Hugo. 3 vols. London, G. Earle.

A rifacimento of Charles Fourier, and meant to remedy all the ills that flesh and society are heirs to. There are some curious anecdotes, and some just observations, but the general principles and system are . . . trash.

Jerusalem as it was, and as it is, &c. Translated from the German by Sophia Taylor, &c. Pp. 180. London, Wertheim.

With a commendatory preface by the Hebrew D.D. McCaul, this is nevertheless but an in-

discreet compilation—no weighing of adverse authorities, but an *ad captandum* description, worth little for history, for truth, or for reason.

First Elements of Sacred Prophecy, &c. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, Trinity College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 439. London, Painter.

AFTER examining preceding expositions, the rev. writer works out an explanation of the prophecies for himself. We have considered most of such attempts in our time to be failures; and we see no reason to make an exception now.

The History of Literature. By Sir W. Boyd, A.M., M.D. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 428. London, Longman and Co.

The first of four projected volumes, and replete with miscellaneous literature. As a history, however, it is wanting in system; and we have found, after various attempts at reconciling its execution with its title, that we must rather consult it as an interesting and agreeable *mélange*. This volume deals much with ancient authors, of whom and their works it presents able views and much classic information: in short, it is the work of a well-read, thinking, and ingenious individual; and as such may be consulted with pleasure by the lovers of literature.

An Account of Askræ and its Mineral Springs; together with a Sketch of the Natural History, &c. By Ed. Lankester, M.D., F.L.S. Pp. 151. London, J. Churchill.

THIS very complete account of a locality shews how much general information may be conveyed to us when such subjects are in competent hands. Askræ is about seven miles from Doncaster and nine from Pontefract; and in this little volume not only are its antiquities, its mineral waters, its geology, its botany, and its statistics, explained and illustrated, but from them are deduced skilful analyses and remarks on mineral spas, and medical advice of a nature to merit a full physician's fee, if given *visâ voce* on the feeling of pulse. But Dr. Lankester is so distinguished in most of the branches of science we have mentioned, that his name is enough to stamp the value of such a publication from his pen.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA.

Rushville, Illinois, July 31st, 1843.

YOURS of the 3d inst., received last Friday the 28th, reminds me of my remissness in not continuing the items of my journey hither, in the manner I intended; but the weather has been so oppressively warm, that I have been unable to do anything whatever requiring the slightest exertion, mental or physical. Consider for a moment the influence of a temperature of from 85° to 95°, unmitigated by a breath of air, upon a person unaccustomed to such a climate; my greatest exertion allowing me only to exchange one rocking-chair for another somewhat cooler, and drinking water from morning till night. This extreme hot weather, I am informed, is unusual here, and is also accompanied by drought of long continuance, which it is feared will have a serious effect upon the Indian-corn crop. The fall wheat, as well as the fruit-trees, were destroyed by the severity of the last winter's frost.

I believe in my last I brought down my log to our departure from Boston, from whence we proceeded to Springfield, in the same state, and from that place down the beautiful Connecticut river to Hartford; from Hartford we travelled

by railroad to Newhaven, when we embarked in a steamer for New York, through Long Island Sound, and arrived there after a very pleasant trip from Boston. I found New York much improved and enlarged since my last visit. The introduction of the waters of the Croton River, from a distance of forty miles, has contributed much to its improvement, and is a work scarcely inferior to the Erie Canal, which connects the ocean with the lakes. An abundant supply of pure water is now offered to every house in the city; and conduits, or "hydrants," as they are called, are pouring it forth in almost every street; and, as if to shew that the supply is more abundant than the demand, magnificent fountains are spouting their jets, in immense volumes, fifty or sixty feet in height, with smaller jets issuing from the same stem.* One of these fountains is constructed near the battery, another in the park, and a third near the northern extremity of Broadway; so that New York may justly claim the title of the "city of the fountains." This great undertaking has been effected by the corporation; projectors and public companies not being permitted to poison the inhabitants for the lucre of gain. The grand reservoir on the road to Haerlem is built of granite 30 or 40 feet high, and contains 150,000,000 gallons of water, conveyed thither in aqueducts and pipes. The New River, the principal supply of London, I should think will bear no comparison with the Croton water-works of New York.

After spending a few pleasant days in lion-hunting and visiting, we started for Troy in the splendid steam-ship the Empire, being 330 feet long, and making up about 500 berths. The dining-saloon is nearly the whole length of the vessel. In 12 hours (a long passage) we arrived at Troy, having passed, in a distance of 150 miles, a succession of scenery more beautiful than I can describe. The wide expanse of this noble river, the Hudson, its ever-varying scenery, its bold and picturesque shores, with its towns, villages, and beautiful seats, and the Catskill Mountains, and hills covered with boundless forests,—give it features unequalled by any river in the known world. The river Hudson is an empire in itself.

The morning after our arrival at Troy we started by railroad for Buffalo, on Lake Erie. The distance is 360 miles, and is usually completed in about 26 hours; but not wishing to fatigue my fellow-traveller, we slept one night at Utica, and resumed the railroad the next day. Railroads, and their management here, afford a curious contrast with similar establishments in England. The cars, for instance, are very long, with a door at each extremity, and accommodating from 50 to 60 passengers. They have a row of from 13 to 16 seats on each side their entire length, each seat to contain 2 persons; and a passage down the middle of the cars, for persons to promenade to and fro; and, by means of movable backs to the seats, you may sit with your face or your back to the engine at your pleasure; or you may, if so disposed, walk out of your car into the adjoining one, at either end, by stepping over the intervening space, and that whilst the train is in full speed. Passengers are continually moving about, shifting their seats, or getting out at every stoppage of the train. At the stations, boys with fruit, newspapers, and books, enter and walk up and down the cars, hawking their

* When shall we see London so embellished? With so ample a command of the means, no great city on the face of the earth was ever so deficient as the capital of the British empire.—Ed. L. G.

goods, and continue so till the train is in motion, when out they jump with all imaginable *sang froid*. Passengers, I also observed, were set down and taken up intermediately between stations; for the conductors, having ready communication with the engineer, can stop the train when they please. The same personages (the conductors) also walk about in each car, and from one car to another, collecting the fares, or inspecting the tickets of such as have paid. There are few, if any, barriers by the road-side; so that when the train is approaching a station, numbers of persons are running alongside, peeping in at the windows, or clambering on to the cars, long before the train stops. In short, the railroad business seems to be conducted much in a stage-coach-like fashion. There is not half so much restriction upon them as upon an English race-course; and the whole line appears to be free from constables or other officials, except at the stations.

But to return to our journey. On the morning after our arrival at Buffalo, leaving our baggage locked up in the baggage-room of the hotel, we took our places in another railroad for the Falls of Niagara, distant about 28 or 30 miles. We arrived at the Falls early in the forenoon; and, having first secured our apartments at the hotel, a walk of a few minutes brought us to this great wonder of the western world; and, after dinner, we spent the remainder of the day in viewing them from various points designated as most favourable for the purpose. Early the following morning we crossed the river to the Canada side, where the entire of the Falls are seen in all their grandeur: any attempt to describe them would be sheer folly; and I can only refer you to attempts already made, from Charlevoix downwards, if you feel disposed to know more about them.

Manchester, a village on the American side, judging by the number of visitors, has become quite a fashionable place of resort. Of course the scenery round about, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, did not appear to me so wild and romantic as it did ten years ago; for Manchester has become a town of some importance, with many hotels, and a great deal of that bustle and stir which deteriorates from the interest excited by the natural landscape features. On the Canada side also a few handsome houses have been erected on the site of the "City of the Falls," formerly so blazoned.

Buffalo is fully illustrative of the ambitious views of Rathborn, its builder. The town is laid out upon the most colossal scale: the main street is two or three miles long, but is planned to extend fourteen miles in a straight line, and the ground so level that I could see the cupola of my hotel, "the American House," at five miles distance. Buffalo has a population of more than 20,000.

On the 17th ult. we left Buffalo, and embarked on board the Chesapeake steamer for a voyage round the lakes. We had nearly 300 emigrants on board, of all nations, Irish, Germans, Norwegians, and New Englanders, all bound for the land of promise, that desirable spot being now removed from the Illinois to Wisconsin and Iowa, whereto emigrants are flocking from all parts of the world by thousands, even from Russia and Prussia, traversing thousands of miles by land and by sea, encumbered with all kinds of luggage, furniture of the most worthless description, beds, bedding, implements of husbandry of uncouth shapes, and numerous children of all ages, and all huddled together, like so many pigs, on the decks, in the engine-room, and amongst the baggage, and in

every vacant space where they can stow themselves. Their apparent poverty, their filth and dirt, and the obtrusiveness and noise of the children, detracted somewhat from the pleasantness of the trip; but every steamer up the lakes is similarly freighted; and as I had procured an entire state-room for N.'s use, and was blessed with pleasant weather, we had but little to complain of. We made a few stoppages by the way; first at Cleveland, a beautiful and thriving town, where we passed from daybreak till 4 p.m. on Sunday, the 18th, attending the episcopal church in the forenoon, and perambulating the remainder of the day. Cleveland communicates with the Ohio river by means of a canal, and is one of the keys to the West.

Our next stoppage was at Detroit, where we arrived early the next morning. Detroit has also a communication with the Far West, and is a town of great traffic, and has greatly increased in importance since my last visit. Detroit river and Lake St. Clair afford beautiful scenery, more particularly on the Canada side. From hence to the head of Lake Huron the shores were wild, low, and desolate in the extreme, extending nearly 300 miles, and nearly destitute of human habitation—a few straggling Indian villages on the Canada coast, and woodyards or places for replenishing fuel on that of Michigan, excepted.

On the third day of our voyage we arrived at Mackinaw, the northern extremity of Lake Huron: this town belongs to America, and has a strong fort and garrison. The town appears to be principally inhabited by Indians, many residing in wigwags upon the shore. There are also many Canadians and half breeds, and several large and well-filled stores. The Indians appeared to be an indolent set, lounging about, and not very remarkable for beauty or personal appearance, though some of them were gaudily dressed. There were many squaws and their papooses, with whom N. became much interested. The excessive clearness of the water of the lake is here very remarkable; the smallest coin or pebble may be seen at a depth of from 20 to 30 feet.

After an hour or two's stoppage the Chesapeake put off, and turned into Lake Michigan, and before daylight next morning arrived at Milwaukee, the great inlet to the north-western country. Here we disembarked the greater part of our emigrants, who considered themselves as having achieved the great object of their pilgrimage; for here they disperse into the interior, principally to the mining districts around, or else to Iowa, the adjoining territory. Milwaukee has become a place of much importance; great quantities of lead being shipped here for New York and the eastern states, a route by the Erie Canal of about 1500 or 1600 miles.

On the 21st we arrived at Chicago, on the south-west part of Lake Michigan, 1100 miles from Buffalo; and, having "fixed" our baggage and secured apartments, we spent the remainder of the day in viewing the town, every step exciting more and more my astonishment at its surprising advancement within the last ten years. In 1833 there were but a few houses; certainly not fifty: the only hotel was not completed; and I was one of thirty that slept in one room, to which we ascended by a ladder. There were very few stores, and only one place of worship, the chapel in the fort; and no regular means of conveyance into the interior, with a bar at the mouth of the river scarcely admitting a boat to cross it. Now I found it a large city, with streets containing ranges of large and well-

supplied stores, splendid hotels, and several handsome churches and public buildings, with vessels of considerable burden lying beside wharfs in the middle of the town, with dock-yards, and ships building, and a sufficiency of stage-coach conveyance to various distant parts of Illinois and the adjoining states.

Besides all this, a canal was projected some time ago to unite the lakes at Chicago with the Illinois river at a place called Peru, a few miles below Ottawa and the head of the steam-navigation on that river. This canal when completed (if ever it should be) will effect an entire water-communication between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, New York and New Orleans, without the intervention of a yard of land. Take your map, and proceed from New York up the North River to Troy, from Troy to Buffalo by Erie Canal, from Buffalo to Chicago by steam, from Chicago to Peru by this projected canal of 90 miles; from Peru, down the Illinois to St. Louis, and finally to New Orleans, and you will see that a navigation of nearly 3000 miles will be opened. The embarrassed condition of the Illinois state has compelled the suspension of the works; but it is expected that the agents, now in London negotiating a loan for the purpose of resuming them, will be successful. [Qy. Ed. L. G.] I am informed that ample security is offered. A great number of Irish labourers are lounging about Peru and its neighbourhood in expectation of the auspicious event.

We left Chicago by stage, stipulating to sleep on the road, which we did at a place called Lisbon. At Peru we embarked in a small leaky steamer, and very fortunately arrived safe at Peoria late in the evening. Peoria is another town which has improved so much that I had not the slightest recollection of it. I searched and inquired for the Fulton Arms, where I was last domiciled; but all in vain. I was told of an ancient house in an obscure corner, that might possibly have been my inn in 1833; but I could come to no conclusion. An aged inhabitant also recollected something of Mr. Wren, the keeper of the Fulton Arms, and informed me that he had crossed the river, —but whether the river Styx or the Illinois he really could not guess; but it was fair to conclude that after such a lapse of time it must have been the former. On the 25th, we embarked on board another steamer, that had arrived during the night, and towards evening landed at Port Erie, a town containing two houses, one of which, Seaman's Hotel, received us, and after being duly introduced to the mesquiteos, and partaken of an iced cream, we proceeded to our apartments. The next day, the 26th, early in the morning we started in the carriage that had been waiting our arrival, and reached at our destination in time for breakfast.

I must inform you that teetotalism is not a mere name in this part of the world, but the principle is general every where and amongst all classes of people. Nothing stronger than water, milk, tea, or coffee, is drunk by any one. I even doubt whether any kind of liquor can be purchased in this neighbourhood. Celebrations and public meetings of every description, religious or political, are mingled or mixed up with the Washingtonian subject. Even the celebration of the 4th of July, the date of the declaration of independence, was blended with declarations of teetotalism; and the declamations upon the occasion were directed equally against alcohol and British tyranny and oppression.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Irish Census, 1841.

THE following is the statistical paper, promised in our last, forwarded by the lord-lieutenant, and read to Sect. F by Capt. Larcom, one of the commissioners employed in taking the census. Mr. Nott's paper on terrestrial magnetism, giving an account of the rheo-electric machine, and experimental investigations of the aurora borealis, and farther divided into magnetism, terrestrial magnetism, and universal magnetism, is in type, but press of matter compels postponement.

In the census of 1841 were included the statistics of education, and benevolence, and crime, as well as the number of the people, their conditions, and the different races of which they were composed; the amount of property and capital, and a variety of other matters of interest. In these returns the number of the people was divided into the heads of families and their children, visitors, and servants. It was obvious that to divide the number of the people by the number of families would not give the number of persons to a family without an analysis of the families themselves into their components; and that to divide the number of families into the mere number of houses would give no notion of the accommodation the people enjoyed, unless the houses were classified, and allowance made for those which contained more than one family. To classify persons, the writer tried a plan which, reverting to first principles, considered every individual as dependent on the mode in which he served his fellows. Thus traders in food minister to hunger, in clothing to nakedness, lodging to expense, medicine to sickness. These wants he divided into moral and physical. The population is 8,175,124: 4,019,576 are males; 4,155,548 are females. These are in 1,472,739 families, and occupy 1,328,839 houses; of these 2,765,212 males, and 2,662,023 females, are unmarried; and 1,142,628 males, and 1,181,095 females, married; 111,736 widowers and 312,420 widows. There are 21 per cent of males and 23 per cent of females who can neither read nor write. The education varies—from the county of Antrim, in which there are 21 per cent of males and 23 per cent of females who can neither read nor write—to the county of Mayo, in which there are 73 per cent of males and 87 per cent of females in the like deplorable state of ignorance. The number of those, compared with the number of people, does not appear at first sight very bad; but when the houses are analysed and divided into classes, according to their quality and the number of families they respectively accommodate, the result is, that nearly half the families of the rural population, and more than one third of the civic population, are living in the lowest state, viz. a cabin of a single room. In the next class, but little removed in comfort, about the same proportion; and the number living in the better classes is but 16 per cent in the rural, and 30 per cent in the civic districts. The ages of the community are collected and tabulated with the returns, as well as in a series of curves, in diagram. As the admissions of ages were voluntary, there was doubtless much tendency to deceive; but the curves and tables shew very curious accordances in error, while the errors are capable of detection by their means. The amount of emigration is very uncertain, from the great number of Irish leaving English ports, where no separate registration of them is kept. But from the best information, it was between 1831 and 1848, 531,285; and 39,179 recruits for the army had been raised in Ireland during that time. The number of persons of Irish birth dwelling in Great Britain is 419,256, being 1 in 54 of the population of the people of these parts of the empire; while of the natives of Great Britain dwelling in Ireland, there are but 30,137, or 1 in 271 of its population. The increase of population had been less by 12 per cent since 1831 than previously. In the classification of individuals, those of 15 years of age had been included, as even at that early age they engaged in daily labour. The number of children at school at the time of the census was 502,950, of both sexes. The number attending school was, in the rural districts, 25 per cent of males, and 18 per cent of females; in the civic districts, 53 per cent males, and 34 per cent females. The births were 1 in 33 of the community, the deaths 1 in 59, the marriages 1 in 181. These last statements were from the report of Surgeon Wilde of Dublin.

On the motion of Lord Mountcashel, the thanks of the section were returned to the lord-lieutenant for his consideration in transmitting this return, which had not as yet reached the House of Commons.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Sept. 23, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of Sept. 18th.—M. Biot commented upon the results of chemical analysis made by M. Langlois on different saps. From the walnut-tree M. Langlois had collected sap at the end of April, and had found in it no sugar. M. Biot having ten years ago noted the presence of cane-sugar in the same sap, concludes that the chemical constitution of sap varies considerably at different periods of vegetation. This he has proved in numerous cases. But in regard to the walnut-tree particularly, the sap drawn from it at the end of November yields sugar. The like product may be obtained throughout the winter; the higher branches give then a sap of greater density, owing principally to the saccharine matter it contains. This phenomenon diminishes when the buds begin to swell, and spontaneous emission ceases entirely in this tree, as in birch and sycamores, when the development of the leaves affords them absorbing and evaporating apparatus. In the month of September, when the leaves begin to fade, M. Biot has collected abundance of sap, but it presented no trace of sugar. Other trees—birch, for example, and sycamore—are similarly intermittent, according to particular periods of vegetation. Wheat, rye, clover, and lucern, are equally variable in their products at different stages of their growth.—M. Biot has not found carbonic acid in the sap of the walnut-tree, examined at the moment of its emission; whilst M. Langlois announces that he discovered this acid in this sap, observed a short time after it had quitted the tree. M. Biot does not dispute this; he says even that it is possible for this acid to be present at one time and not at another; but, knowing how quickly vegetable juices charged with very small quantities of sugar alter by spontaneous fermentation, he thinks the carbonic acid noted by M. Langlois due to such action between the time of the emission of the sap and of its examination.

Neither chemical analysis by M. Langlois, nor optical examination in the hands of M. Biot, has exhibited a trace of sugar in the sap of the vine at the period of that abundant secretion which precedes the development of the buds.

Differences in regard to the sap of the lime-tree were next detailed. Such differences may arise from the manner of examination, whether by chemical analysis or by the optical process (M. Langlois, however, had employed both). M. Biot related that last year he had analysed chemically a thick and saccharine liquid, which dropped spontaneously from the leaves of the lime in great abundance during the months of May and June; he found it to contain raisin-sugar, an incrustable sugar distinct from the former, mannite, and several other saline and organic substances. On examining the same syrup in Paris by the optical process, it yields a proportion of cane-sugar so considerable, that of a deviation of 100°, 45° were due to this sugar. Would it not be desirable, M. Biot added, that in similar researches various methods of examination should be used? Organic combinations are so complex and variable, that if they are not studied by all the processes that may concur to characterise their actual molecular constitution, there is a greater risk of increasing the uncertainties of the science than of acquiring new truths.

M. Milne Edwards read a note containing results of experiments conducted by himself and by M. Dumas, on the production of the wax of bees. The old opinion of Huber, recently attacked, that bees actually produce the wax, has been confirmed by them. Bees shut up in close vessels, and nourished successively with honey, and then with sugar only, have produced wax in the second case as in the first, only that the quantity differed. Nourished with honey, which had been analysed, they have made about five times more wax than the nourishment consumed contained; fed upon sugar, in which there is no wax, they have continued to construct their cakes, very small, but they soon died, and analysis determined the presence of wax in their organs.

Lengthened discussions occupied the remainder of the sitting.

FINE ARTS.

THE CARTOONS.

We have repeated our visits to the eleven prize cartoons in Suffolk Street; and seen them with renewed pleasure as evidence of a noble and promising effort in our national school of art. We are glad, also, to see the artists engaged in reducing them to the proposed scale for publication, and the subscription regularly increasing; for by such means their character will be made more generally known, and their influence be more widely spread.

In reviewing these productions, and referring to our former opinions expressed when we saw them *en masse* in Westminster Hall, we feel less to modify or add than we expected. No. 1. *Cæsar's Invasion of Britain*, by E. Armitage, displays so much talent in parts, and in the school to which it belongs, that we can hardly find it in our hearts to say that it is still the only one whose position in the race we are inclined to question. *L'école classique* of David was never a favourite with us; for though we could admire both what was elementarily and executively good in it, we never could like its extravagance and ostentation of anatomy. It is true that somewhat of these blemishes have been abated by his successors; yet enough remained in the more natural works of Gerard, Gros, Girodet, down to De la Roche, the master of Armitage. It seems, then, to us that we have in this cartoon a too great and exaggerated exhibition of anatomical tension and absolute distortion and error in a number of figures

broadly thrown together, but confused and all in one light, without perspective. The Britons on the right resemble American red Indians, so much that two or three of them look like portraits from Catlin's collection; and the extreme violence of such features as in the individual seizing the Roman standard-bearer's horse lapses into caricature. The rider is a left-handed warrior; and though we hear many eulogise the principal figure of Caesar, we confess that we are far from being of their party. The struggle on the left below is equally forced; so that, in fine, with all its artistical strain of muscular development, we are no more in love with No. 1 than we were at first; and we cannot think the subject one of the best chosen, if designed for the embellishment of a British senate-house. We have not, however, gone into any argument upon this point, which, though of the utmost importance when it should come to be applied to representations for the embellishment of a national building, did not strike us as possessing any marked interest in the returns to a call for proofs of the inherent capabilities of our artists in a new order of pictorial production.

Of No. 2, the *Caractacus* of Mr. G. F. Watts, we most applaud the grandeur and dignity of the fine square head, though a little statue-like; and the gracefulness and beauty of the youthful figures behind the captive Briton-king. We also admire the Roman trumpeters, athletic, and boldly drawn. The child in front is perhaps too stout, even for these sturdy days; and the Roman groups on the right are the least effective parts of this excellent cartoon.

No. 3. Mr. C. West Cope's *First Trial by Jury*, both for choice of subject and for treatment, stands foremost in our estimation. We could not pick out a decided fault in it; and if we may not say that the expression in the countenance of Alfred appears to us to be somewhat too abstracted, we can urge no critical objection. Even here, too, we confess that the artist might desire to present us with an idea of the fixedness and imperturbability of Justice, rather than of a human sympathy with the objects under its awful inquiry; and that his view of the mental character to be observed might be quite as apposite and proper as our own.

Of Mr. J. C. Horsley's *St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert and Bertha* (No. 4, the first, numerically, of the 200l. premiums—the foregoing three belonging to the 300l. class) we have little to mention beyond what we stated in our No. 1381. The monk and emblems of Christianity are finely in keeping with our notions of such scenes in these rude times; and the whole religious paraphernalia which fills the left of the picture is of equal consistency and merit. The king and queen on the right, with their court, and priests, and natives around, form a good balance; and the countenance of Bertha, and the group immediately behind the royal pair, are particularly well conceived and executed.

No. 5, Mr. Bell's *Cardinal Bourchier and the Queen and Children of Edward IV. in Sanctuary*, possesses genius quite enough to entitle it to its place among its competitors. There is an almost ludicrous Pompeyishness in the person of the little Duke of York, which we should like to see scraped down; and there is some want of elevation in the female grief of the queen's companions. But, we repeat, the whole is worthy.

No. 6, *The Fight for the Beacon*, H. J. Townsend, were it only for the M. Angelo power of the principal figure, would deserve the repetition of our praise. But there are other figures

extremely striking, drawn with bold academic skill; and the only failures, in those tumbling down, hardly detract from the spirited effect of the entire composition.

Of No. 7 (the first, "numerically," of the 100l. prizes), *Una and the Satyrs*, we have also only to repeat our praise. Una is not so beautiful as perfection might require; but the fauns and satyrs are redundant of poetry, and display a sweeping roundness of outline, and a charming variety of individuality, as affected by the wonderful apparition among them of that "virgin doleful, desolate," which completely satisfy the eye and judgment. The general effect is also most pleasing.

Mr. Parris's *Joseph of Arimathea converting the Britons*, No. 8, remains where it first stood in our admiration, as a most graceful and charming cartoon. For beauty in the female and infantile forms, we think it above compare; and especially refer to the woman and child in the foreground on the right. The head of the central Druid alone offends us: it is too marked by ugliness of expression, overdone as a picture of hatred and vengeance. Nothing in art is more difficult than truly to portray the strong and violent human passions without degenerating into caricature: even in real life the spectator is very apt to laugh at a person in a furious storm of anger or agony of fear, though there may be actual cause for both. How much more, then, must we feel indisposed towards sympathy with a likeness of these distracting emotions where there is only an ideal ground for their exhibition! Hamlet's advice to the Players is quite as judicious for the Painters to consider;—but "be not too tame neither." *Verb. sap.*

No. 9, Mr. Selous's *Boadicea* is an animated composition, energetic, full of action, and in most parts susceptible of being taken to pieces for separate applause; though the female forms are rather voluptuous for ancient Iceni, and the whole too crowded about the rolling chariot.

In No. 10, *Alfred and his Witan*, by J. Bridges, there is also a great deal to command our warm approbation. The subject is most fit and well-chosen: the *ealdormen* are, some of them, a trifle too youthful; but altogether it is an honour to the epoch which has elicited so much talent.

The last, No. 11, J. Severn, *Eleanor saving the life of Edward I.* is rather weak in drawing, and lacks the freedom and firmness absolutely necessary to fresco. The mouth of the queen is refined down to insipidity, instead of boldly grappling with her poisoned task; and the cup-bearer on the right is commonplace. The body of the king, however, is well disposed; and of the queen's female attendants at least the moiety are sweetly painted, and their countenances feelingly imbued with appropriate sentiment.

The distinct and very various qualities to be traced in the Eleven will amply repay both amateur and general observer for more than two or twice-two visits. We might have pointed out some (too many) mistakes in costume; but have refrained from doing so, as we have considered the whole simply as competing studies, preparatory to a future event of another kind.

On the subject of the Cartoons, *in toto*, we have a little pamphlet on our table—*Critical Examination* by H. G. Clarke (pp. 54); the introduction to which finds fault with the constitution and ultimate proceedings of the commission which determined the prizes. The critiques are of the caustic kind, but evince both knowledge and judgment.

When on the subject of cartoons and frescos, we may also take the opportunity of noticing Mr. Eugenio Latilla's treatise on them and tempera-painting (Svo, pp. 80), in which he briefly narrates the rise and progress of the art among the Greeks, Romans, and Italians; and conveys much practical information regarding all the processes employed to the present time. It is a volume deserving a place in libraries of the fine arts, though rather inclined to recommend the writer's own claims.

Mr. Haydon's *Thoughts on the relative Value of Fresco and Oil-painting* (pp. 41, London, H. Hooper) is a full report of his lecture at the British Institution, asserts the powers of the British school if encouraged to come forth, and ably expounds his views on the subject.

British, French, and German Painting, &c., by David Scott, Esq. (pp. 86. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.),—though with the date of 1841 upon it, is another pamphlet eminently worthy of attention now that the public mind is so deeply turned to this branch of art. He justly insists upon the superiority of design in all fresco-painting, to colour, chiaroscuro, or any other quality within the scope of the painter; though some of the greatest Italians have brought colour prominently into the field.

A Letter to Sir R. Peel on the Appointment of the Commission, by J. Bacon, Esq., F.S.A. (pp. 46, Hatchards), and two or three other "brochures," we shall probably notice speedily; but sufficient for the day (Sept. 30) is the present paper.

Paleographia Sacra Pictoria; or, Select Illustrations of Ancient Illuminated Biblical and Theological MSS. By J. O. Westwood. Part I. London, W. Smith.

This design takes an excursive and very interesting range, and presents us with facsimiles of the most curious ancient pictorial embellishments which are to be found in the most highly prized books in various countries. We have the illustrations of the Coronation Oath-book of the Anglo-Saxon kings, of the rare Purple Greek manuscripts, of antique Armenian Gospels, Slavonic sacred works, and the Liber Regalis of Westminster and Coronation-book of Rheims. The gold, silver, and colours employed in these representations can now, by the discovery of new methods in art, be applied at so moderate an expense, that where the original cost perhaps many pounds, the copy may be produced at the price of a shilling. The plan, if carried out as begun, and we can hardly doubt of its having patronage to do so, must be very acceptable as an exhibition of the earliest art in the adornment of missals, bibles, &c.; and the literary, historical, and critical matter of every order to inform and gratify readers of every description.

The Fine Arts agitated.—Agreeing with a long report made by Mr. Davis, a barrister, the Repeal Association of Ireland have adopted a resolution for promoting nationality in the various branches of the fine arts in Ireland. For this end it is proposed to offer premiums of from 3l. to 40l. for the best rough sketches, water-colour and oil paintings, and designs in painting, sculpture, and architecture, by native artists, and embracing national subjects (or, we presume, in architecture at least) national objects. Some such subjects were proclaimed, and were nearly all commemorative of Saxon crime and Irish suffering or revenge. Fifty pounds towards the statue of General Saarsfield at Limerick was voted as a specific item.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IRELAND: TRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

AFTER the sectional business of the Association is over, there is still a winding-up, different in different places, according to their character, which is far from being the least interesting portion of the proceedings. In towns of great commerce, it is amusing to see trade resume its detailed activity, with Science still haunting the busy streets. The highest intellects in the world may be careering in one half of the boundaries, whilst in the other prevails the utmost indifference, or even a perfect ignorance of the fact, that so much knowledge and philosophy are close by in the neighbourhood. Men who are the best allies of manufactures and useful arts pass away unnoticed, or are speedily forgotten by those who live by these very manufactures and arts. The helots in Greece did not know *why* they were made drunk; and the helots of the Association (though its leading lights) are not aware that the mass of the lower orders look upon them as intoxicated people, especially when compared with the owners of such and such works or factories which simply employ so many hands. They gaze at the Curiosities, but rarely or never think of learning aught from their talk to improve and enrich themselves.

The Association breaks up, and in a trice all appearances are changed. Ladders are seen in various quarters, carpenter's hammers are heard, and forms and benches are being removed. The quiet philosophers become, as it were, birds of (if possible, railway) passage; and the town resumes its peculiar quiet, which the quiet philosophers have disturbed.

In Cork this was not so observable as at some preceding meetings, such as Newcastle, Glasgow, and Manchester; for it ~~is~~ ^{was} said to say, with all its marvellous capabilities for manufactures and commerce, this noble city, with its splendid harbour and productive country around, shows few signs of active industry, extensive produce, or a vigorous trade. We may glance at some of the causes hereafter: suffice it, for the present, to observe, that Cork, which might be, and ought to be, one of the busiest and wealthiest ports in the British empire, but too clearly evinces that she participates in the curse which seems to rest on all Ireland; and flourishes not, spite of her just motto:

"Stallo bene, fida curiale."

But before we carry our readers off from this centre at a tangent, through Kerry, &c., we must finish our history of the meeting, and its concomitants—the Exhibitions of Arts and of Irish manufactures, the horticultural and cattle shows, the raffles and excursions, the agricultural museum, and the grand ball.

On Wednesday evening the concluding general meeting of the Association was held in the Corn Exchange, the Earl of Rosse, president, in the chair. Mr. Murchison, in introducing the business, expressed his satisfaction at having heard, as a consequence of the meeting, that the government-grant to the Cork Institution was likely to be renewed.*

* The Cork Scientific and Literary Society (where the Chemical Section met) seemed to have fallen into dismal decay. A Report of the proceedings, so far back as 1837-8, was put into our hands, and at that time it appears, from the addresses of Mr. Fagan, the president, that the institution was "in a flourishing condition;" and its "prosperity held to be an excellent criterion by which to judge of the extent to which a taste for literature was spreading in that city." An annual grant from Government having been discontinued, and perhaps other local causes contributing, the society became inert, and gradually sank; but it is to be hoped that its revival may date from this meeting of the British Association.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

Dr. Robinson, who had kindly undertaken to be the expositor of the most important proceedings of the Association on this occasion, in the abeyance of the older practice of having an abstract or summary of every section presented by its secretary, went at considerable length into an encomium on the ordnance survey of Ireland; the prospect of a railroad from Dublin to Cork; and the success which had attended the memorable experiment of the atmospheric railway, on which, its principle, its cheapness, and its applicability, he passed a glowing panegyric; and a description of Lord Rosse's stupendous telescope, and the process of its construction. He concluded by moving a vote of thanks to his lordship, which was acknowledged in a suitable manner; and we may take the opportunity to remark, that all the noble earl's addresses, whether on social or scientific occasions, were remarkable for the good sense and right feeling they displayed—their fitness for the time and auditory—their freedom from common-places—and their scientific intelligence, and earnestness of zeal for the promotion not only of science, but of all beneficial improvements.

Major Beamish next addressed the meeting in an eloquent speech, and was followed by Mr. Beamish, the mayor, and other gentlemen connected with Cork and its public institutions; after which the assemblage broke up, and the actual working of the Association finished.

On Thursday the grand steamer-excursion to Cove—viewing the magnificent river, harbour, islands, and picturesque scenery—took place, and, with favourable weather, was highly interesting.† At one point Prof. E. Forbes and the dredging committee departed in a small boat, and, after a few hours, returned with a collection of curious zoological and other productions which they had rescued from the bottom of the sea. These were infinitely attractive to the majority of the party, who seemed never tired of examining the bottles and buckets full of marine curiosities, and having their habits, classes, and natures, explained to them.‡ At another point Mr. Murchison, attended by a bevy of geologists, landed to ascertain some junction of red sandstone with the slate, supposed to occur in this quarter, but which was not found to exist.

The Irish faculty which tends to bull-making is often as apparent in action as in speech. The mercurial quickness of their character leads to a sort of leaping at conclusions, without needful attention to intermediate steps; and thus we find their best-laid plans, like those "of mice and men, gang aft aje." It is not as a saucy girl assailed one who had perhaps impertinently addressed her, "You have got so much sense in yer head, that a gooseberry-skin would do for a nightcap for it;" but that their warmth of temperament and wish to please cause them to project and undertake without much consideration of the means of executing, or of the end. Something of this turned up at

* One of the Cork newspapers justly says, "The contributions of many of our fellow-citizens, distinguished for their scientific and literary attainments, will form a most valuable portion of the recorded proceedings of the thirteenth meeting of the British Association."

† On the left descending bank was pointed out the house in which Mr. O'Connell received his early education.—*Ed. L. G.*

‡ One Irish lady expressed herself greatly surprised that there were no dainties *dooness* among them, the meaning of which we could not comprehend; and were laughed at for supposing the name had some reference to the numerous hospitable and distinguished family of the *Downs*, which occurred so frequently in the course of the proceedings. After all, we were told it was Irish for *cake*.—*Ed. L. G.*

the close of the excursion. There was to have been a luncheon at 2 o'clock, after which nearly all the principal persons belonging to the Association were engaged to dine with the agriculturists at six, after the cattle-show. But, alas! when the steamer got to Hulla-balloo Island (or some such name, where the storehouses are), and that not till half-past four o'clock, it was discovered that the plates for lunch had been forgotten at Cork. Here was plenty of provision, and plenty of appetite, but except the zoological section, who might devour their meat like Red Lions, there were not the necessities for Christian-like feeding. But another peculiarity of Ireland is, that every thing is done with good-humour (we do not know that the agrarian outrages and murders are not); and apparently the absence of the plates, &c., was received as a capital joke. A boat was despatched to Cove to remedy the deficiency; but we (for a private, and the president, secretaries, and other chiefs, for their public, engagement) were obliged to depart in a Passage steamer, before they who rowed across and run for the plate had time to get back. We learnt afterwards, that after considerable delay the boat's-crew did reappear with the crockery,—the worthy Chinaman from whom they hired it being at dinner when they went, and sending down a message below, to say he would not budge from his meal to pack dishes for all the *Asiatians* in the universe. So they had to bide his time. This *contre-temps*, as may be supposed, only served to heighten the enjoyment of the late starlings on Hulla-balloo (Hawlbowl) and on their reaching Cork, about eight o'clock, nothing was heard but merriment about the pleasurable spending of the day!!§

With regard to the cattle-show, we have little to say. The poultry, sheep, pigs, horses, cows, and, of course, the bulls, were well spoken of; and the wheat, turnips, &c. &c., as well as some improved agricultural machines, were also applauded and rewarded with premiums.† A genuine Westphalian pig from the Black Forest seemed quite at home with the Irish gentry of the same genus; for the pigs, as we found in perambulating the country, are the only gentry who "live at home at ease" there; though we heard an insult to the race applied to a pretty female specimen of humanity, who was told she was "a pig's beauty," viz. one who, the older she grew, would grow the uglier! Among the vegetables were some grasses, and, *inter alia*, clover, from which the Irish emblem of the shamrock is erroneously held to be taken. On the contrary, the shamrock was a national symbol long before clover was introduced into the island; and is the wood-sorrel, with its three leaves, the real and original *trifolium junctum* in uno.

Exhibition of Fine Arts.—The exhibition of paintings, &c., by native artists, was one of the most interesting to visitors during the week, though, through some strange mismanagement, there was nothing by M^r. Clise (by far the greatest of all) obtained for this otherwise very gratifying illustration of the indigenous talent of Cork. The issuing of the catalogue was also provokingly long delayed; so that, for want of this guide, we cannot go so much into particu-

* One of its pleasanties may be quoted. "That's an ancient castle!" observed an inquisitive stranger to a native, not disinclined to maintain the reputation of his country. "That's an ancient castle!" he repeated. "O yes, sir, that castle was ancient long ago."

† We may here also dismiss the exhibition, during the week, of models, &c., and the horticultural exhibition. Any thing of novelty and value in the former came before the mechanical section; and in the latter appeared nothing remarkable, except a wild pine apple.

lars as we wished to have done. It is the third year of the Art-Union; and the catalogue gave a list of 193 paintings and drawings, besides several works in sculpture, and other productions. Busts of Father Prout, and, as a companion, Father Mathew, by J. Hogan, were excellent specimens of his skill; and a bust of the late W. Beamish no less honourable to him. J. Heffernan also exhibited his "Susanna coming out of the bath" (seen in London R.A. exhibition some years since), and a good medallion head of Chantrey, in whose studio he was long employed.

Among the paintings we may specify No. 1, "Portrait of a naval officer," by Sir M. A. Shee, a very early performance, and affording no indication of the artist being ever likely to put P.R.A. after his highly estimable and much-esteemed name.

Of Barry, the dead glory of Cork and of Irish art, besides the portfolio with some etchings by his own hand, there were some very interesting productions: No. 80, "Cordelia" (the property of C. Bianconi, Esq., who has done so much for civilisation by his cars*), and a grand conception; the "Prince of Wales" (George IV.), a whole-length; and No. 173, a "Portrait of the Artist's Mother," in the brown style of Rembrandt, admirably done, in one of his pettish humours, to prove, as he said, that living genius starved, whilst old masters, in no way superior, brought enormous prices. [Barry was born in Cork, and died in London in 1806, where his great work in the Society of Arts, Adelphi, remains a striking memorial of his peculiar imagination and extraordinary abilities.] The next exhibitor in point of interest is perhaps N. Grogan, who died in his native town the year after Barry, aged 67. Nos. 82, 83, 84, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 96, 98, 99, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 115, 116, 134, and 136, are all from his pencil, and belong to gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The landscapes are very praiseworthy; but his forte was the ludicrous and characteristic, of which his "Breaking-up of an Irish Fair" is the best example; but "Powdering the Mayor," and "Whipping the Herring," are also laughable and good. His own portrait, No. 111, is of much local value; and we express a compliment to his memory, in hope that the young MacIse might have seen and admired some of these genuine Irish pictures. S. Forde, another of the departed artists of Cork, who was carried off prematurely, at the age of 23, in 1828, has left the promise of superior talent to cause his loss to be mourned, in Nos. 131 and 183, studies of figures, and still more in 164, "The Veiled Prophet," a poetical embodiment. And, last of the dead, we have to mention John O'Keefe, who died neglected at Limerick five years ago, though No. 113, "A Sybil," by him, is indicative both of mind and power. Among the living artists is his friend, C. Scottowe, whose portrait of himself, No. 52, is clever, and 56, "Portrait of Cardinal Micara," a broad and well-painted effective piece of expression. In portraiture, too, we find the pencil of a young Cork lady-artist most deserving of notice and

applause. No. 19, "Portrait of Mr. Olden," by his daughter, is a very striking likeness, and, what is as much to the purpose, executed in an excellent style of art, soberly coloured, yet rich in tone. The portraiture by W. Fisher also stands high: witness 40, "Likeness of R. O'C. Newnam, Esq., and 138. A number by J. Mahony shew the versatility of his studies. No. 17, 28, 65, 73 ("Prospero raising the Tempest"), 168, 175, 176, 177, 179, 181, 185 (portraits), and 188, are all, with the two excepted, scenes from Italy and France, and belong, with much merit, to the schools of D. Roberts, Eastlake, and Uwins. Of S. T. West we need merely mention No. 11, his "Cardinal Wolsey leaving London after his disgrace," exhibited, with great credit to the artist, at the Royal Academy two years ago, and much commended at the time in the *Literary Gazette*. In landscape W. J. Morgan is prominent. No. 21, "Moonlight," 25, "Sunset," 60 and 61, "Near Dublin and Cork," and 64, "View from Vernonmount,"—are natural and pleasing. No. 8 is an ancient Irish historical subject (not among the *Replate* suggestions), "The Landing of Ith, a descendant and near relation of Magog," and, with other pieces, illumines the youthful name of Watson. S. Skillin is another of the rising artists of Cork. 42, "A Crayon of the Local Secretaries of the Association," shews great freedom of hand and truth of resemblance. We fear that the late period at which we could obtain the catalogue must have made this enumeration very imperfect; but we cannot help it now, and can only repeat, that Cork has no cause to be ashamed of its position as regards the arts, any more than its character in literature.*

Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures.—Here the manufacture which most attracted the notice, and we may add the admiration, of strangers was the tabinet-loom at work upon a piece of gold and silver tissue poplin, from the establishment of Messrs. Atkinson and Company of Dublin, and the exhibition of poplins of every shade of colour, and elegant and magnificent patterns, fabricated by them. It is not easy to convey a notion of the beauty of these articles without ocular inspection; and they are certainly at the summit of Irish national manufacture. Machinery is not available for weaving them, which must be done by hand; and it was stated that it took two men a whole day to complete half a yard of the superior kinds; and we can well believe it, from the nicety and complication we saw exercised by the ingenious mechanics employed to shew the process.† Pieces the same as had been ordered for dresses by the Queen were exceedingly rich and brilliant; but there seemed to be varieties

* Several specimens of wood-carving, panel with antique caryatides and medallion panels in relief, executed by Braithwaite's patent, were exhibited in the room, though of English and not Irish production. But when we reflect on what may so readily be done by the application of this cheap and beautiful process to the making of articles of Irish oak, including that so admirably adapted for rich and ornamental purposes which is drawn from the bogs, we could not help considering the exhibition to be of much national interest, and applicable to many useful and elegant household productions, as well as to the interiors of churches and chapels.—*Ed. L. G.*

† In the silk-manufactories of Lyons one-third of the work is also performed manually, and to the amount of fifty millions of francs per annum. In the whole 200,000 workmen are employed; and not fewer than twenty departments are in one way or other interested in the produce of silk, and the various operations which it requires to undergo before it issues from the loom the splendid and useful fabric which we see. How much, then, does it behoove us to patronise to the utmost this product of Ireland!—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

suitable to all classes, from the royal palace to the homely parlour. We should imagine farther improvement next to impossible, though within the last few years Messrs. A. and Co. have done a great deal in producing a superior style in the brocaded patterns. The tabourets, for furnishing, are hardly less superb; and we could not help joining in the general opinion, that these enterprising manufacturers had justly earned the gold and silver medals awarded to them by the Royal Dublin Society. Such things are a great credit to the country; and we wish from our hearts we could congratulate it on possessing many more of them.

Some velvets and satins by Mr. Jones, also a Dublin manufacturer, made a very handsome appearance; and some excellent cloths were shewn by Messrs. Willan of the same place. Damasks from Belfast were also very honourable to Irish manufacturing; and tasteful furniture of Irish oak, as well as pretty graceful toys, brooches, &c., of bog-wood, and Wicklow gold, and Irish diamonds, were well worthy of approbation. Linen at 20s. a yard was surely fine enough for a Sybarite; and some works in glass, and silver flagree from the Wicklow mines,* and fancy leather, &c. &c., attracted much praise. Cork-made hats of a fair quality were much approved, and especially as a novel introduction of industrious employment, already giving subsistence to above a hundred persons. Limerick laces were also in high repute; and an artificial leg, with springs, only 5 lb. in weight, made by a Mr. Rooke of Mallow, appeared worthily to compete with the famous cork-leg of the Burgomaster of Amsterdam.

On Thursday night the grand ball came off, as advertised by M'Dowell of the Imperial Hotel, to be "the close of the labours of the British Association," and on "a scale of magnificence commensurate to the occasion;" with "a supper laid for 1200 persons, which Mr. M'Dowell pledged himself should consist of every thing that the eye could fancy or the palate relish!" Such affairs, it must be confessed, are not much in the way of philosophers, except they were Turkish dervishes; but they are, if properly managed, sociable, and serve to make Town and Gown better acquainted, as well as to be an agreeable recreation to the young female portion of the neighbourhood, who may not have any other opportunity of seeing the lions, or, at any rate, of seeing them dance. But the event of this evening was the apparition of a lady thief and pickpocket, who, being discovered *flagrante* by a police-officer in plain dress, that functionary got the unconscious master of the ceremonies to introduce him to her for a waltz, in which, after whirling her about the room, to the great admiration of lookers on, he suddenly whirled her out of a door, as they were circumgyrating, and committed her to the custody of a private on duty, to be waltzed off to the station-house.†

On Friday morning an expedition, per steamer, under the auspices of Dr. W. C. Taylor, was to have started for Youghal; but, owing to some misadventure, the original purpose failed, and between twenty and thirty of the party proceeded thither in cars. At Youghal they were

* Several handsome silver tea-services were displayed, to be raffled for; but we do not think the proposal succeeded.

† It was not quite easy here or elsewhere for a stranger to know exactly the right way he or she ought to go; for, by a slight of hand, rather characteristic of the people, the great black index-hands, posted on the walls to point the direction to particular places of meeting, were in many instances posted on the wrong way, somewhat thus:—

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publicly received with great warmth, and repaid the welcome with a lively display of their oratorical and scientific attainments. Dr. Taylor introduced the business in his own capital way, and called up Prof. Meyer to speak on the education of the lower orders, Dr. Olliffe on the connexion between science and religion, Dr. Lankester on natural history, Mr. F. Jennings on the value of sea-sand as a manure, Prof. Lawson on statistics, Counsellor O'Flanagan on the beauties and navigable capabilities of the Blackwater, and Mr. Clements on the same subject. Thence the erratic company, as a deputation of the Association, dined with Sir R. Musgrave, and spent a festive day. On Saturday morning they resumed their course, and, according to the newspaper reports, appear to have had another day of frolic, fun, and feasting, before they separated, each for his own destination. Lord Mountcashel entertained them hospitably; and though Lord Shannon declined being surprised by so numerous and unlooked-for a visit, these savans had no cause to dislike their excursion on and about the Blackwater.

In a more private and less multitudinous manner a great many of the members of the Association sought a few days' relaxation at Killarney, and in travelling through various parts of Ireland. The G-hole-ogy pickers discovered many striking evidences of the moraine-theory all the way between Glengariff and Killarney; and others, who denied these signs, were obliged to confess them to be strange, unequivocal, and unaccountable scratches, as seen on the rounded rocks in the immediate vicinity of famed Derrynane.

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM, OR LONDON ONE LIE! LESSON XXXVIII.

Aunt Margery. Cotton is a wonderful production for trade.

Pri. How?

Aunt M. Because it is not only cotton, but every other sort of wearing apparel; it is worsted, it is flax, it is silk, it is velvet, and I believe it is even satin.

Phi. At any rate, it is very cheap.

Aunt M. Yes; and through a fraud, when wrought into, or substituted for, the fabrics I have mentioned, it enables their sellers to "let them go," as they call it, at low enough prices, only the fabrics neither possess the qualities nor the wear which they would do if real.

Phi. And so the account squares itself?

Aunt M. Just so. For example, you buy flannel without the warmth of wool, and which, in the first washing, loses every look and property of that healthful clothing, so often required for health in our variable climate.

Pri. Doctors frequently bid their patients wear it; and the poorer orders, I suppose, thus suffer from the substitution of another and cheaper texture.

Phi. There is a "Real Welsh flannel only 5d. a yard."

Aunt M. A little of the coarsest wool, and four-fifths cotton, hardly woven together. As for being Welsh, neither Rebecca nor her daughters ever spun a thread of it. It is no part of the industry of Wales.

Pri. "All wool, 1s.;" "All wool, only 10d.," are but other falsehoods, then, of the same school?

Aunt M. Nothing else: varieties of the same fraudulent pretence; as are "Merino wool

shirts, 4s.," hanging in the window beside "Rich satin scarfs, 9s. 6d."

Pri. And "Welsh flannel shirts, 2s."

Aunt M. Indeed, my dears, there is not much of the immense produce of wool that contributes to their formation. It may be as well to inform you, that in England nineteen millions of sheep and lambs are shorn annually, besides seven millions killed for food.

Pri. What a number!

Aunt M. But you must add three millions and a half for Scotland, and about two millions for Ireland.

Phi. What! more in Scotland than Ireland, where the population is more than double, the climate so much finer, and the country so fertile?

Aunt M. Alas, it is too true; but in that unhappy land they know not how to use the means which Providence has placed at their disposal.

Pri. It does seem so.

Aunt M. But we must not trench upon matters which tend to politics.

Phi. You have never touched the book-trade.

Aunt M. (laughing). You have certainly changed the subject very nimbly, if not very adroitly. "The Book-Trade" (musing); there is a good deal to be said about that.

Phi. Why not say it, then?

Aunt M. I will. I will be communicative of intelligence, as this notice in — street announces "a circulating library for the millions."

Phi. A rare subscription. Beats Saunders and Otley's or Hookham's.

Aunt M. There will, however, I suspect, be some pregnant discoveries ere long, as to the way in which book-information for the millions is obtained. There is no species of larceny more facilitated and encouraged in London than book-stealing.

Pri. I have heard that great scholars, virtuosi, and antiquaries are sometimes guilty of it.

Aunt M. It is not of them I speak, though I could tell you strange tales of their depredations; but of the more common class of purloiners, extensively at work every day in the year.

Pri. How can they dispose of their thefts?

Aunt M. Single volumes or a few volumes at a time can find purchasers in a hundred quarters, and be seen on five hundred stalls within twenty-four hours of their being stolen.

Pri. And—

Aunt M. And when the quantities are greater, when there is a lot, decidedly known to be such is the party offering for sale could not legally or honestly possess, "the swag" is bought at an exceedingly "low figure" for the country markets by "fences," as well known as "old naval and other stores."

Phi. My dear aunt, you are extending your style so much, that we must, by and by, have a dictionary with our lessons.

Aunt M. I confess to my expressive slang, but I got it from an informant well acquainted with the use of it. This is, however, but one branch of a text, dividing itself into many, which I intend to preach upon before the end of the year.

Pri. And your labours.

Aunt M. I hope so; for I get rather weary and dissatisfied with my task; and if I had not some remarkable matters in store, should be tempted to bring it to a close.

Phi. Oh, I hope not.

Aunt M. But see, as we walk along, another

text suggested, and one of copious illustration. Do you see that curious-looking triangular machine?

Pri. That with the windlass, pulleys, and chains, which is dragging a heavy cask out of the public-house cellar?

Aunt M. The same; yet that publican is not a wholesale dealer.

Pri. What is he going to do with the whole great cask then?

Aunt M. Return it to the great brewer; for it is spoilt beer, and is to be mixed up again with fresh brewings for publicans and public use!

Phi. Surely the great brewers do not do such things?

Aunt M. You see it openly. Publicans are not always so much to blame for the stuff they retail as is thought. Their tricks are bad enough; but sometimes they cannot help themselves, and are so dependent on the brewers, that they must sell what they please to send in.

Pri. Indeed!

Aunt M. There is infinitely more pernicious trash re-brewed and re-vended, than has entered into the computation of man! or excise-man! The "good double beer," so old as the time of Richard III., is only represented by X X X; and the days when a quart of ale was a dish for a king are flown.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Saturday a concert was given here, in addition to the drama, when, owing to the indisposition of Grisi, who was announced to sing, Miss Birch was, on the spur of the moment, called upon to supply her place. This she did most effectively, and was received throughout with great applause. In a recent notice of one of Sivi's concerts in the Hanover Square Rooms, we adverted to the high station to which this native vocalist had raised herself, and to the continued advance she was making in her arduous profession; and we are gratified to find our opinion so fully confirmed on this unexpected occasion. We observe it in the *Times* that Miss Birch is about to travel in Italy; but this is at least premature, if not altogether a mistake; for she is advertised for the Edinburgh Musical Festival, and is afterwards engaged at Leipzig. Indeed, she needs not Italy, though it be the land of song, and a visit to it must improve every musician. Mario sang charmingly; and John Parry, as usual, set the house into roars of laughter by his *Blue Beard*, and another comic song, agreeable to his Irish custom of answering an encore by singing a different piece, if possible more entertaining than the first. There were also some very popular instrumental performances by Chatterton on the harp, and Richardson on the flute; and the whole went off with *éclat*, in spite of the non-appearance of Grisi.

Princess's Theatre.—A similar scene took place here at an announced concert on Monday, only that the malcontents were more loud in their disapprobation at the non-appearance of Grisi, as they said it must have been previously anticipated, and her name should not therefore have been continued in the bills and advertisements to the last moment. They were, however, soon reconciled, Miss Birch supplying her place as admirably as before, and an excellent concert was ably executed. Signor C. Sivi was among the instrumental performers; and Miss E. Birch, a younger sister of the *prima donna*, and a very pretty girl, made her appearance, and sang sweetly.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

I HATE those wild spirits that either are crowing,
As if of the sun they had more than their share,
More boisterous far than a nor-wester blowing,
Or sunk in the uttermost depths of despair.
Give me the firm nature that, tranquil and fearless,
Some hope 'midst the tide of misfortune can find:
Nor too sanguine to-day, nor to-morrow too cheerless,
But reason the rudder that governs the mind.

Those weathercock-feelings that ever seem fated
To change their direction whatever winds draw;
One moment depress'd, & in another elated—
Now led by a feather, now lost by a straw:
Ere me the true heart upon which there's reliance,
Give known what the hour's passing humour may plan;
One that laughs at slight cares, or can bid them defiance,
And bear his misfortunes, erect, like a man.

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Stoddart and Conolly.—The Earl of Aberdeen has offered every assistance in his power to the proposed mission of Dr. Wolf, without interfering with instructions previously sent to our consul, Colonel Shiel.

Mr. Sotheby, auctioneer, the name so long connected with the arts and literature of the country, as having transferred from possessor to possessor such treasures in both, is we hear, about to be joined with another, that of an old and confidential clerk in the business. But the fact which induces our notice is the rare one, that this copartnership is entered upon when the house has reached its hundredth year! Thus what were its new works at first are now old; and what were then its antiquities have had the rust of another age superadded to their ancient accumulations.

Mr. J. Weippert, the celebrated leader of the band which followed his name, has died in consequence of being accidentally thrown from his chaise near Hampton.

Richard Dadd.—The *Art-Union* (a monthly journal) states that this wretched creature is now imprisoned at Fontainebleau. When arrested, he unhesitatingly avowed that he had taken the life of an individual who called himself his father; and, according to the laws of France, his insanity being evident, the poor maniac is at once consigned to a lunatic asylum; and his afflicted family have memorialised the home secretary for permission to allow him to remain in France.

London Bog.—At 13 feet under the surface of St. Paul's Churchyard, where excavations are now making, the labourers have come upon a stratum of bog, into which they have dug about 4 feet, and carried off cart-loads, mingled with bones, earthenware, and other foreign substances. This is supposed to be the original soil of the locality.

Roman Remains.—During some recently renewed excavations at Richborough Castle, near Margate, some bones, fragments of pottery, and pieces of beautiful white marble, have been dug up. The workmen are trying to penetrate a wall 120 feet long and 18 wide, to ascertain what may be discovered in the interior.

The ancient Solemn League and Covenant.—The original document—is stated to be visible at the Museum of Antiquities, now open at Leeds, the property of Mr. Brown of Glasgow, who has "refused 400 guineas for it."

Ancient Church.—The restoration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Cambridge, reputed to be the oldest of the four round churches extant in England, still requires the aid of the municipality to complete its repairs.

York Cathedral.—The restoration of York Minster is proceeding in the most satisfactory manner. The expectation is that the whole work will be completed by the next spring.—*Church and State Gazette.*

It is stated that the report on a survey of Lincoln Cathedral is, that 10,000*l.* must be expended upon it immediately to prevent it coming down, and 10,000*l.* more as soon as it can be procured.—*Ibid.*

Progress of Science.—The steeple of Norwich cathedral is stated by the *Norfolk Chronicle* to have been converted into an observatory; and the weathercock that used to tell their forefathers which way the wind blew, is either, or about to be, superseded.

Satellites of Jupiter.—The appearance of the shadows described in our last No. is accounted for by Mr. Luff, of Oxford, as being due to their variable brightness, owing to large dark spots on one side, which, when turned towards the earth, and the satellite appears on the disc of the planet, it (the satellite itself) will be seen appearing darker than the body of the planet. Whether this is the true explanation or not, we cannot decide.

Ars Musica.—Another mouse is announced to sing somewhere not far from the Music Hall in Store Street. As yet the rats have not got beyond squeaking.

Cologne Cathedral.—The German states are, it is said, about to subscribe for the complete edification of this splendid cathedral; and the Emperor of Austria has already devoted a large sum to the design.

Translation of the epigram on La Harpe, which appeared in the last No. of the *Lit. Gazette*:—

If you a fortune large would make,
And lawful in a trice,
La Harpe at his real value take,
And sell at his own set price.

Enigme par Voltaire.

Enfant de l'art, enfant de la nature,
Plus je suis vrai, plus je suis imposteur;
Sans prolonger la vie, j'empêche de mourir,
Et je deviens trop jeune a force de vieillir.

Translation.

Of art and of nature alike I'm the child,
The more true I am, more impostor I'm styled;
I can't prolong life, yet I save from death's blow,
And I keep getting younger the older I grow.

From a Correspondent.

Greece has been revolutionised; the date September third. Otho, of Bavaria, appears to have been coerced by a general movement without bloodshed, and reduced to a O.

The *City-Jester* has been so applauded for his pun about *As-part-hero* being entertained at the Mansion-house, that on reading the dispute as to the presence of another, but obnoxious, Spanish general, he declared that it was *No-go-warehouse!* Monstrous.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Home; or, Family Cares and Family Joys, by F. Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, 2d edit. revised, 2 vols. post 8vo, 2*l.*—The Courser's Annual Remembrancer and Stud-Book for 1842-43, by T. Thacker, 8vo, 1*l.*—Peter Schlemihl, German and English, by W. Howitt, 16mo, 7*s.*—Tas's Illustrated Shakspeare, 3 vols. imp. 8vo, 3*l.* 3*s.*—Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic, by T. Watson, M.D., 2 vols. 8vo, 3*l.*—Exposition of Hebrews XI., by an Indian Layman, 12mo, 5*s.*—A Guide to Greek for Beginners, by the Rev. W. Cross, 18mo, 4*s.*—Essay on Hereditary Disease, by J. H. Steinau, M.D., 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Rev. W. Jay's Works, Vol. VIII., p. 8vo, 7*s.*—Thoughts and Reflections in Sickness and Health, by A. R. Sanderson, M.D., fcp. 8vo, 6*d.*—History of the Church, in 5 Books, by Theodorotus, 8vo, 7*s.*—Memoir of the late Rev. G. B. Parsons, edited by the Rev. A. Leslie, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land, by the Rev. G. Fisk, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Devotions for the Sick-Room and for Times

of Trouble, fcp. 8vo, 4*s.*—Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, 3d edit. post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Channing's Works, 2 vols. 8vo (People's edition), 10*s.*—Sir Cosmo Dight's Tale, by J. A. St. John, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*—South's Sermons, Vol. I., med. 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Hopkins's Works, 2 vols. med. 8vo, 2*l.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1843.

Sept.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . 14	From 50 to 70	29.60 stationary;
Friday . . 15	59 . . 72	29.56 to 29.64
Saturday . . 16	54 . . 74	29.52 to 29.76
Sunday . . 17	53 . . 79	29.81 to 29.83
Monday . . 18	54 . . 73	29.85 stationary;
Tuesday . . 19	59 . . 76	29.85 to 29.86
Wednesday . 20	53 . . 72	29.85 stationary.

Wind on the 14th, E. by N. and N.E.; 15th, 16th, and 17th, S.E.; 18th, S. by E. and N.W.; 19th, N. by E.; 20th, N. and S.E.; clear, except the afternoon of the 14th, when a little rain fell. Rain fallen, 145 of an inch.

Sept.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . 21	From 46 to 71	29.84 to 29.92
Friday . . 22	48 . . 68	30.03 to 30.08
Saturday . . 23	48 . . 69	30.14 stationary;
Sunday . . 24	50 . . 64	30.12 to 30.15
Monday . . 25	46 . . 67	29.95 to 29.96
Tuesday . . 26	42 . . 68	29.85 to 29.91
Wednesday . 27	38 . . 54	29.93 to 29.94

Wind on the 21st, S.E. and N. by W.; 22d, N. and N.E.; 23d, N. by E. and N.W.; 24th, N. by E.; 25th, N. and N.W.; 26th and 27th, N.W.; generally clear, except the 24th and 25th, a little rain on the afternoon of the 25th.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37' 33" north.
Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1843.	h. m. s.	1844.	h. m. s.
Sept. 30 . . 15	49 49 1	Oct. 4 . . 11	48 52
Oct. 1 . . 49 49 1		5 . . 48 54	
2 . . 49 30 1		6 . . 48 59	
3 . . 49 11 3			

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